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# The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 39.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 31, 1904 Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

*Photo by* *H. W. Barnett*

**Miss Gladys Unger**

A young American girl whose play on Richard Brinsley Sheridan will be seen in London after a trial trip in the country

No. 39.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.


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# The World's Pageant

**London: Wednesday**

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

**August 31, 1904**

### Still, "All but——"

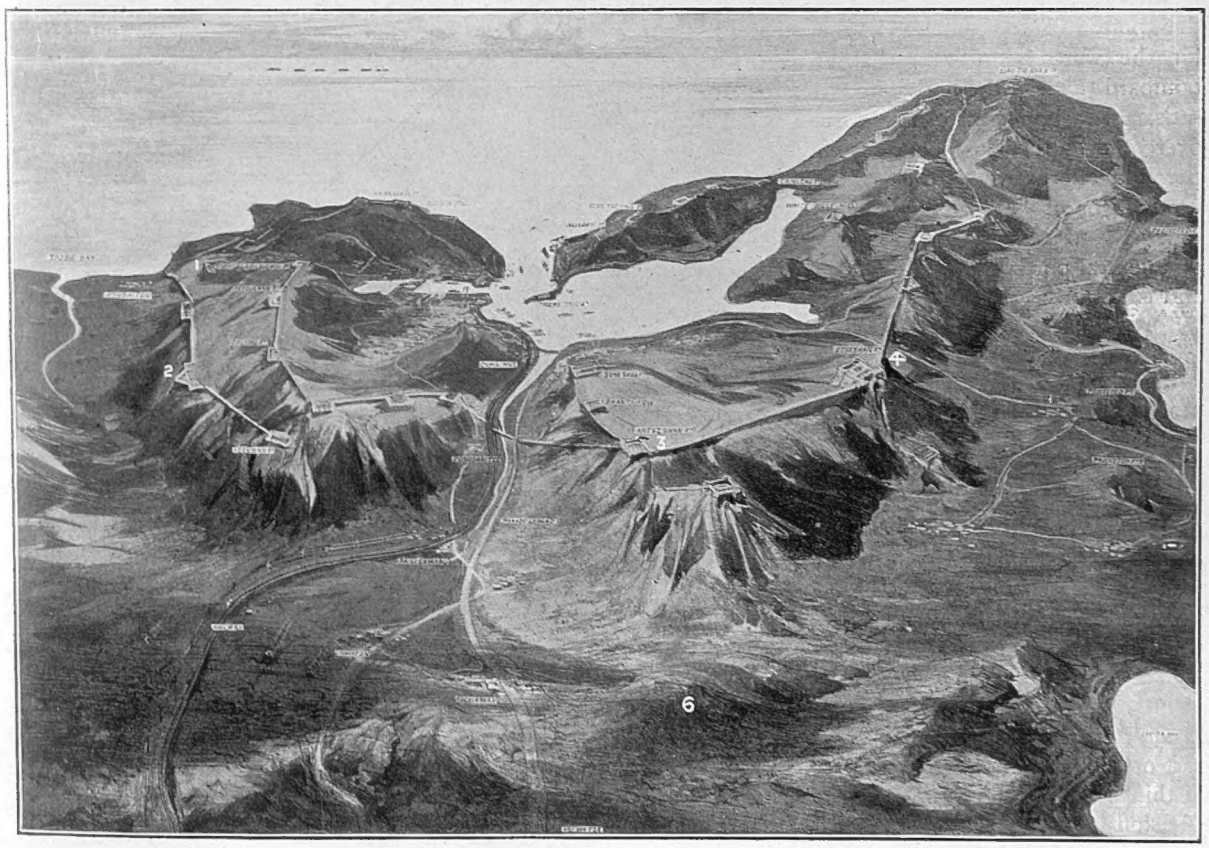
Port Arthur has not yet fallen at the time of writing. We have been carefully prepared for the event by newspaper placards of growing intensity. Thus: "Only a Few More Days," "Outer Forts Captured," "Last Hours of the Beleaguered Fortress," "Has Port Arthur Fallen?" etc., etc; but, nevertheless, the fortress seems to hold out with remarkable endurance. It is believed in some quarters that Port Arthur is better provisioned and provided with ammunition than it has been given credit for, and that the only way the Japanese can capture it is by sacrificing vast numbers of men. Already the number of lives lost by the Japanese amounts to an appalling figure.

### The Outcome

We who have been wont to look on Japan's career in this war as a succession of victories, must not omit to remember the vast quantities of her finest troops which have been sacrificed, sometimes recklessly, to achieve what has been occasionally barren gain. Even now Japan is being fast denuded of troops, but Russia, with a disgraceful commissariat and an almost barbaric contempt for the modern needs of a campaign, plods along slowly. The net difference between the two antagonists is this: *Japan's recruits show a tendency to be of inferior stock, while, with each fresh batch arriving in Manchuria, Russia's army is being improved.* It is not a little significant. We append a bird's-eye view of Port Arthur, which will give our readers a clear indication of the respective positions of the two belligerents.

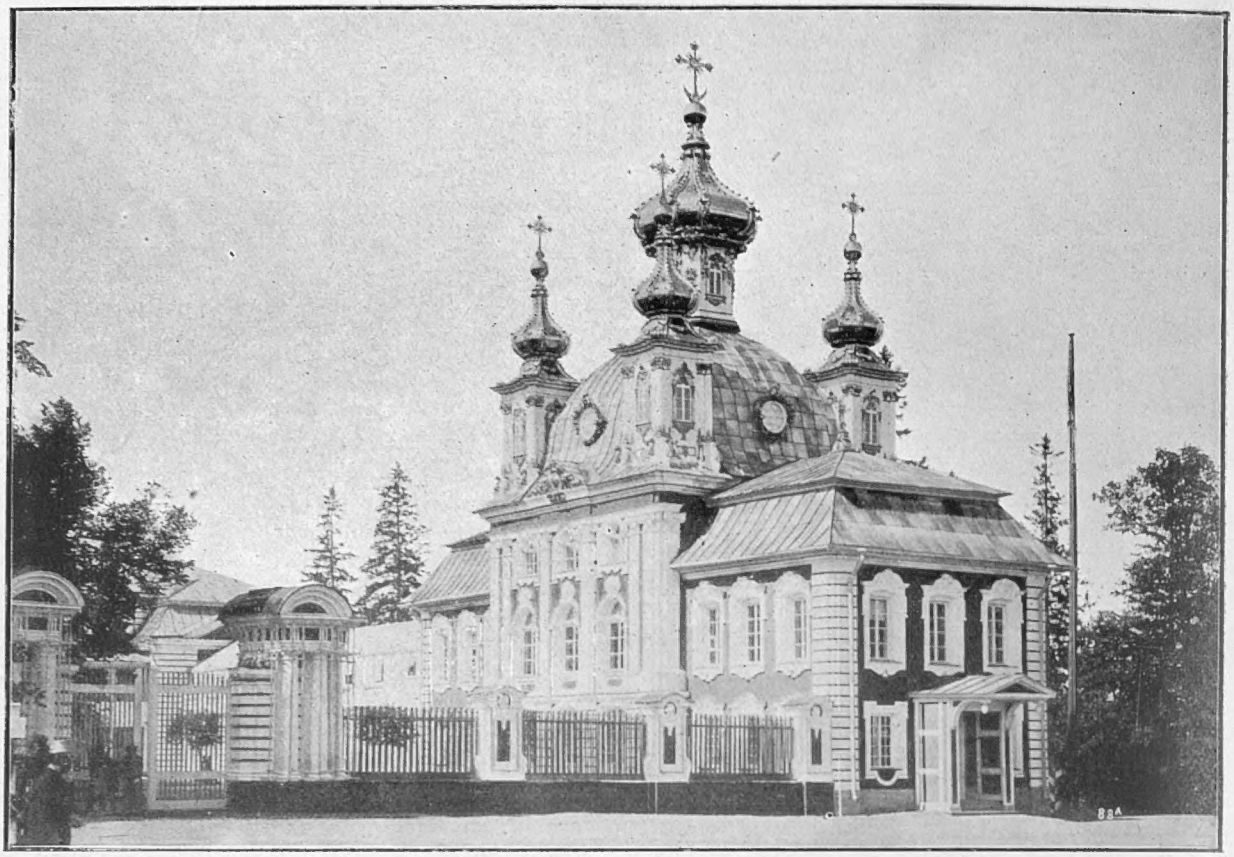
### Russians in Shanghai

Shanghai has been looming large in the public eye of late days, owing to the port having become the unwilling harbour of two Russian warships seeking refuge there. The Taotai, the representative of China, proved himself powerless to




**The Situation round Port Arthur at a Glance**

A clear idea of the desperate position of Port Arthur may be gained by a glance at the above map. All the positions marked with numerals are in the hands of the Japanese. The Japanese left has captured Forts Takushan and Siao-Kushan (Nos. 1, 2) in front of which extends a fortified line of hills which must be captured if Port Arthur is to be taken. On the west side (right of the illustration) is Pigeon Bay (No. 5), where the Japanese right is acting. The Japanese centre (Nos. 3, 4), on Antzshan and Etseshan, has driven the Russian forces from Wolf Hill (No. 6), whence shells are dropped without hindrance into the doomed fortress



**The Church of the Peterhof Palace in which the infant Tsarevitch was christened August 24**

This palace, which was built by Peter the Great in 1711, is eighteen miles west of St. Petersburg, on the south shore of the Gulf of Finland. Peterhof Palace contains many wonderful paintings and is surrounded by a m gnificent park

compel the Russians either to disarm or to evacuate the port. The Japanese had a squadron waiting for the warships if they left, and threatened to bombard them in the harbour if they remained. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that this deadlock was overcome by the Russians disarming. It was the only possible alternative to their coming out to fight, for no belligerent having the enemy at their mercy if they fight to a finish can permit it to seek the refuge of a neutral port where they can repair their damages and issue forth to battle afresh.

### The Tsarevitch

The infant Tsarevitch was christened last Wed nesday at the Peterhof, the beautiful Summer Palace of the Tsars. The ceremony was gorgeous and impressive, but during its course the Heir to the Throne of All the Russias, lying on a blue silk cushion, was quite innocent of the responsibilities being put on his infantile head. King Edward was represented by Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the christening of Alexis Nicholaievitch has been celebrated by gifts which are numerous and costly. The Tsar has made the birth of his son the occasion of an amnesty to all sorts and conditions, especially to the Finns, who sorely need some kindness on the part of their rulers. We wish heartily that the birth of this little stranger could have been made also the occasion for the cessation of hostilities between Russia and Japan.

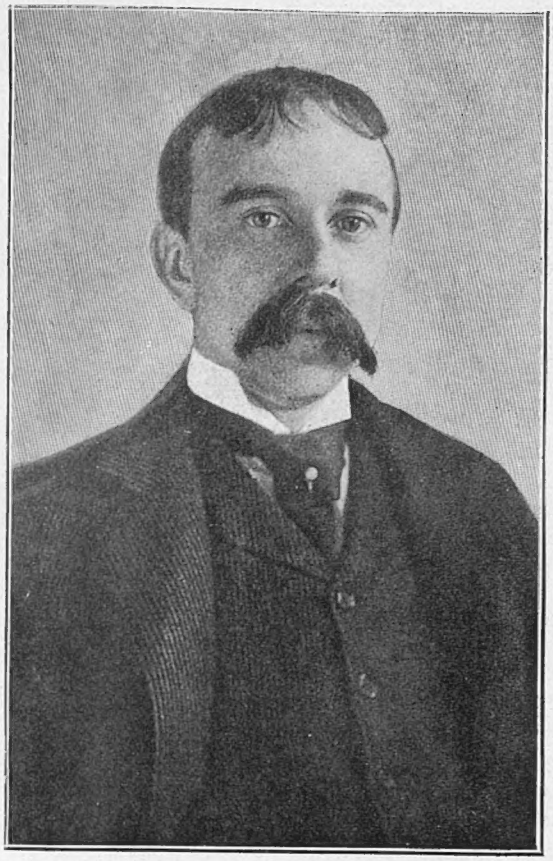
### Mr. Leishman and the Sublime Porte

The squabble between th · Porte a d the United States Government, ostensibly because the .atter desired to receive guarantees from the Sultan that American schools situated in Turkey should be given the same recognition as those of other nations, is owing, perhaps, rather less to these ostensible reasons than to the attitude adopted towards the Porte by Mr. Leishman, the United States Minister. The Sultan is a man who believes thoroughly in etiquette, and somehow the peremptory methods adopted by America do not find favour with him. Mr. Leishman wants his country to be represented at the Sublime Porte by an Ambassador instead of by a Minister Plenipotentiary, but the Sultan does not. An Ambassador can demand an audience whenever he chooses, a Minister only when the Sultan wants it. Only last week, when relations between Mr. Leishman and the Sultan were slightly strained, the United States Minister, who was expecting an audience, found it was not granted him.

### An American Diplomat's Training

What is the best training for a diplomat? This is, perhaps, open to question. In Mr. Leishman's case he had none. He was a successful business man who made his way at the Carnegie Steel Works until he rose to be for a short period its President. Retiring from business, the influence the Carnegie Company exercised over the voting machine in Pennsylvania enabled Mr. Leishman successfully to apply to the late Mr. McKinley for the po t of Minister to Switzerland. He has sinced moved on to Constantinople, which no doubt he finds a more exigeant post. Mr. Leishman speaks very little French, and has mainly to rely on his mother tongue. but, except for a firm belief in the colossal

superiority of the United States to the rest of the universe, he is a charming man, generous to a degree, and very kind hearted. But it is easy to believe that his ideas and characteristics are such as prevent him from being a *persona grata* at the Oriental court of Abdul Hamid II. Americans want their own way, and when they do not get it are apt to become aggressive to Eastern notions.

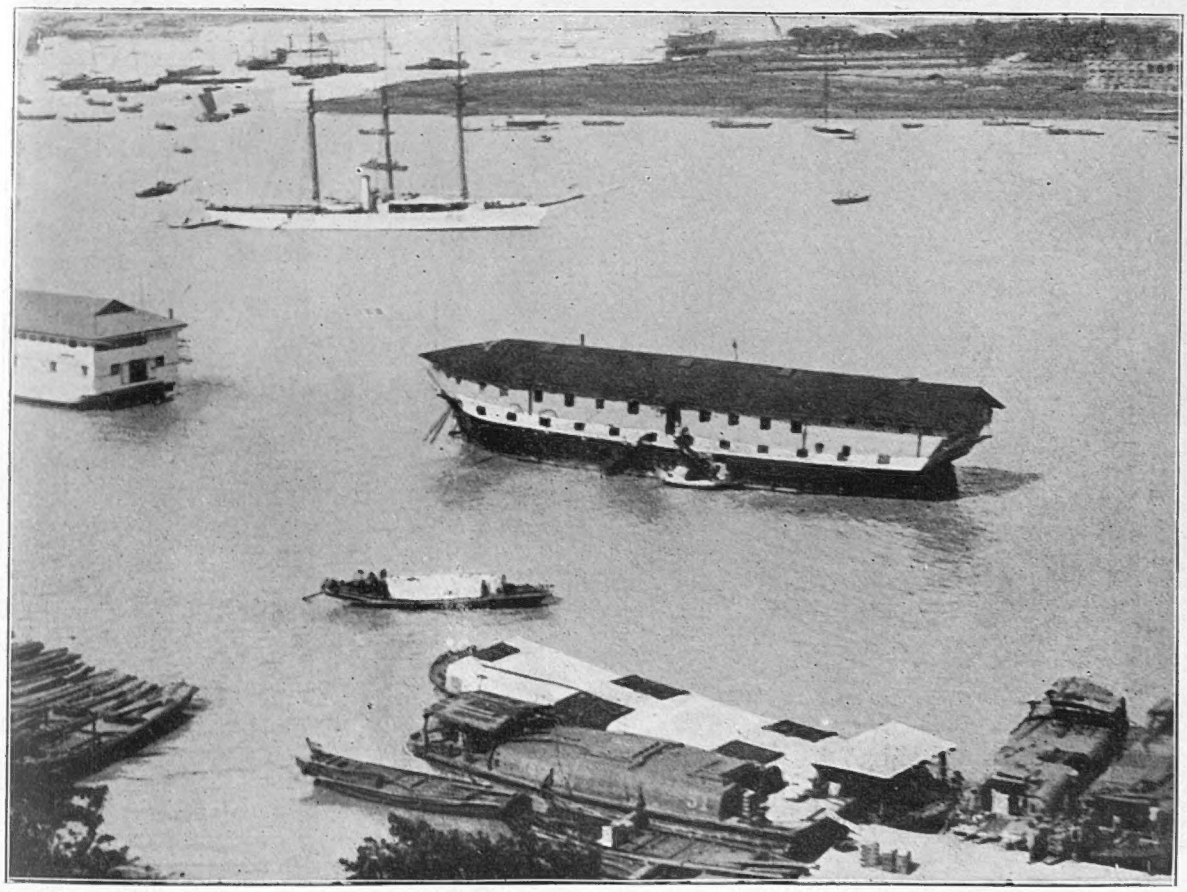


**The Hon. John Leishman**

United States Minister to Turkey who has been in conflict with the Sultan respecting the status of American schools in Turkey

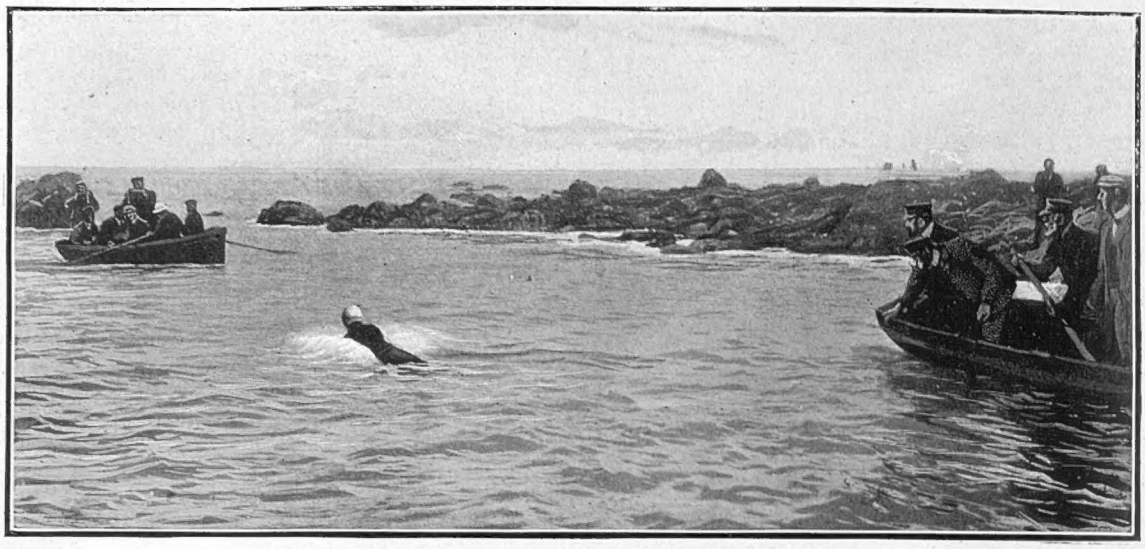
### French Heroine's Second Marriage

Readers of THE BYSTANDER will doubtless remember Madame Carlier, a heroic French woman who, during the Armenian massacres, behaved with such remarkable courage and self-abnegation, succouring and defending victims of the Kurds, and on three occasions taking gun in hand so intrepidly in defence of one of the French missions, that on her return to France with M. Carlier, who was French Consul at Sivas, the Government awarded her the decoration of the Legion of Honour, she being the only woman to whom the decoration has ever been given for a *fait de guerre*. Monsieur Carlier, the Consul, died soon after their return to France, and it was on his death-bed that he heard the news of the honour which had been done to his wife. A few days ago Madame Carlier played the chief *rôle* in yet another, and, in its way, an even more romantic ceremony. No deceased wife's sister's or deceased husband's brother's bill exists in France, and there was therefore no bar to Madame Carlier's marriage with the brother



*From Stereograph Copyright* *Underwood and Underwood*

**View of the Harbour of Shanghai from the Custom House, showing the shipping in the Whangpoo River**



**The Attempt to Swim the Channel: Mr. Holbein's start from Lydden, 2½ miles west of Dover**

The failure of Mr. Holbein's fifth attempt to beat Captain Webb's record was due to the choppiness of the sea, which caused him to swallow much sea water. The plucky swimmer has the best wishes of the public for his sixth attempt, which will take place next week

of her late husband, Captain André Carlier, of the 51st Regiment of the Line. A large crowd of friends packed the beautiful old church of Les Invalides to wish the couple joy, and on the church's steps, as Captain and (for the second time) Madame Carlier came out, several privates of the 51st, who had come out to witness their Captain's wedding, loudly expressed the wish that before long the cross of honour should be seen on his breast as well as on that of his young wife.

### The Coming Theatrical Season

Hope springs eternal in the playgoer's breast. A few weeks holiday-making suffices to banish the somewhat melancholy story of the first half of the theatrical year. Already he is busy upon the prospects of the coming season. The announcement of new plays, the opening of the theatres, the return of old favourites, afford an inexhaustible theme for gossip. Speculation (the mental variety) is in the very air. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was first in the field with *The Chevaleer*, which was produced at the Garrick Theatre last Saturday. The lead of the master is followed by one who is yet but a student in the difficult art of making plays. Miss Gladys Unger, the subject of our frontispiece this week, whose play on Richard

*Photo by* *Raphael*

**The Wedding of Mme. Carlier, the French Heroine of the Armenian Massacres**

Many people assembled recently at Les Invalides, in Paris, to witness the wedding of Mme. Carlier to her late husband's brother, Captain André Carlier

*Photo by* *Biograph Studio*

**Miss Evelyn Millard**

Who will shortly make a welcome reappearance on the stage, at the Imperial Theatre, after an absence of eighteen months

*Photo by* *Thomson*

**Lady Bingham**

A well-known political hostess, whose efforts on behalf of her husband, Lord Bingham, were a great factor in his victory at the recent Chertsey Election

Brinsley Sheridan was recently produced at Brighton, and will shortly be seen in London, is a young American girl, whose energies have hitherto been engaged rather in the world of society than of drama.

### Miss Evelyn Millard

One of the most pleasing items in the programme of future theatrical events, is the reappearance of Miss Evelyn Millard. True, she has been absent from the London stage only since March, 1903, when she played in *The Unforeseen*, but this period is quite long enough for the public to have missed her. Miss Millard has a sympathetic manner, which, united with her beauty, exerts a great charm upon her audience, and if she had never done anything else she would always be remembered by her performances in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Paolo and Francesca*.

### Lord Rosslyn's Engagement

Lord Rosslyn, whose engagement to a wealthy American widow has just been announced, is a well-known figure in American society. Shortly after he created a mild sensation by going on the stage, he joined the forces of Mr. Charles Frohman and made his professional appearance in the States under the *nom de théâtre* of James Erskine Mr. Erskine is an actor who takes a creditable position among his fellows. Judged by the ordinary standards he is distinctly "sound." But his title, at least in America,

upset the delicate balance of popular adjudication. He was singled out for much praise and much blame. Some in the spirit of discrimination gave it as their opinion, that considering he was a peer he acted rather well. Others, still more unkindly, remarked that his name as a draw was a good offset to an indifferent play—this, perhaps, because his perambulation along Broadway was of more interest in theatrical chit-chat than more doughty deeds by his colleagues.

### Miss Edith Wynne Matthison

One of the first prizes of the profession has fallen to a young lady whose name has but recently become familiar to London playgoers.

*Photo by* *Langfier*

**Lord Rosslyn**

Whose engagement to Mrs. Travis, a wealthy American widow, has just been announced

Miss Matthison's great success may be said to date from her really noteworthy performance in *Everyman*, the old miracle-play, which was so beautifully produced in London by Mr. Ben Greet. Critics and public, not always in accord, united on this occasion in singing a hymn of thanksgiving that a player of such talent should have arisen.

### Venus and Chloe

More than the usual interest which attaches to rare captives at the Zoo has been aroused by the advent of the two gorillas — Venus and Chloe. These ladies, but for a distant relation at Breslau, are the only specimens of their kind in Europe, and it is generally hoped that their delicate

*Photo by* *Bassano*

**Miss Edith Wynne Matthison**

The talented young actress whom Sir Henry Irving has chosen for his leading lady

*Photo by* *Russell*

**Mr. Henry Arthur Jones**

Whose play, "The Chevaleer," opened the theatrical season at the Garrick Theatre last Saturday

constitutions will not prevent them from attaining to their full strength and beauty. Chloe, who, as can be seen from our illustration, gives great promise of this fulfilment, is younger than her companion. The first encounter between them quickly devolved into a wrestling match, and Chloe was badly worsted. These two fair captives, however, have now become fast friends, and it is to be hoped that they will reign in their new kingdom until the terror which they now evoke in the hearts of the rising generation gives way to respect and admiration.

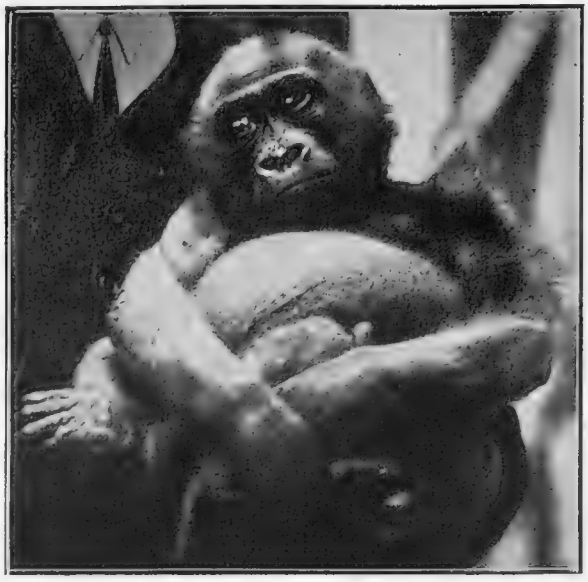


*Photo by* *Park*

**"Chloe"**

A young lady gorilla, who, with her companion "Venus," has recently taken up her abode in the Zoo

### The Battle of Flowers in Jersey

A battle of flowers is a Continental institution which of late has found its way over to these shores, probably *viâ* the Channel Islands. The floral *fête* is an annual affair in Jersey, and this year the little island was crowded with holiday folk from England, France, and Guernsey, to witness the festivities on August 18. The battle took place in the Victoria Avenue, the marine parade and the adjoining park and hillside being densely crowded. The decorations, both of the track and of the competing carriages, were most elaborate. In the evening there was an illuminated *fête*, terminating with a fine display of Brock's fireworks. The musical portion of the programme was contributed by the band and pipers of the 2nd Highland Light Infantry, at present in garrison. A note of pathos must have crept into the music of the gallant Highlanders, for they were practically playing their farewell strains. The Army Council, still in the throes of economy, and casting round for means of retrenchment, settled upon poor little Jersey. They demanded dues which were righteously refused, so have decided to withdraw the garrison. It would be idle to pretend that there is any necessity for an armed force in Jersey, but there are many traditions which had better remain than be discontinued for the sake of a few pounds.

*Photo by* *Smith*

**The Battle of Flowers, celebrated in Jersey on August 18**

# The Topictator

The most popular song in the Far North of Scotland just now is said to be entitled "Sunshine after Rain(y)."

---

A Burton-on-Trent cabman is seeking to establish his claim to a baronetcy. Having regard to the profession of the claimant we are not surprised that he should wish for a title. Than cabman no men attach greater importance to rank.

---

The Russian war vessel *Novik* has been sunk in an engagement with the Japanese. For the Russians it was clearly a case of Novik—tory. Please excuse us!

According to a *Times* advertisement,

The Manager of the "NATIONAL REVIEW" greatly desires to know why anyone who has examined an issue of that periodical does not subscribe to it.

We believe this to be quite a common complaint with managers of periodicals.

---

The lady of 102, who is reported to have "lived under five sovereigns," proves roofed houses to be rank extravagance.

---

On being told that Mr. Balfour considered all the universe to be either electricity or ether, Our Tame Idiot remarked, "Perhaps it isn't either."

"Be 'ee zatisfied now, Varrmer?"

(Lord Onslow, Minister for Agriculture, says the British Farmer ought to have no cause for complaint this year as he has had a good harvest and will probably obtain a good price for it)

In spite of much that has been said to the contrary, a generous, conciliatory spirit animates the Minority Party in the Scotch Church. We understand that they will shortly issue a statement granting full and free permission to their defeated brethren to retain, as though the oppressive judgment had never been given, all church debts and other financial liabilities.

---

Rakes are recommended for physical culture by a writer in a contemporary. From our own observations of society we would be inclined to recommend physical culture for rakes.

---

In answer to the gentleman who publishes a brochure called "Are We a Declining Race?" we may remark that the other European powers consider us a trifle grasping.

A Cape Town tailor has invented a garment capable of being turned at will into a frock, morning, or evening dress coat. We suggest that he should now proceed to the invention of a coat of chain-armour for the use of the first wearer of the reversible garment. If the latter goes amongst his friends he will need some protection.

---

By some oversight, a comparatively short road between the East and West of London was left "down" the other day.

The error has, however, since been rectified.

---

A New Jersey parson has preached the shortest sermon. The text was Worry; and the sermon ran, "Don't worry; its wicked."

It would be nice to hear this preacher upon Hurry.

'Arry on 'is 'olidays: "An' they call these the Downs!"
(Overheard last week near the Devil's Dyke, Brighton)

John Anderson and his wife, both over seventy, were charged with picking pockets

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We've worked the game thegither,
An' mony a canty heap o' swag
We've shared wi' ane anither

## Corrected Impressions.—At the Dublin Horse Show

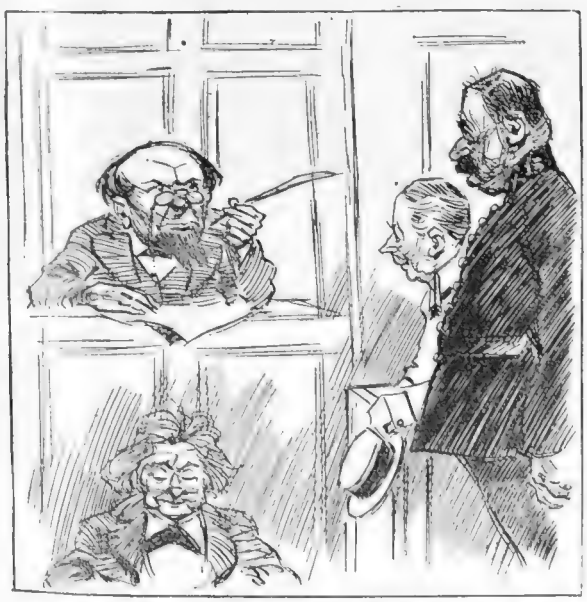
Buckle, me boy, for heaven's sake, get a whiskey and the shmallest soda in it, I will simply die of being bored. I'll tell you; Con Martin took me up to a woman with a face like a horse and vanished away for nearly an hour, the devil. An' the woman, ole Buckle, me dear lad, she talked loike a steam engine without a brake, and the end of it is I'm simply dead; so if ye will get a whiskey I'll thank ye eternally. 'Bedad, here is the horse-faced talking machine coming across the grass, d'ye see the lady." "That girl." "Yes." "That's my sister." ——————!!!

*Same Scene. 10 Minutes Later*

"Me dear boy—oh, me dear lad, I've had the most awful toime. I met Buckle just a while ago and told him how I been talking to a long-nosed horse-faced woman, who would blister the paint off a post box, and when I'd done tellin' him, be sure, the very girl comes galumping across, and I pointed her out. Be gosh! it was his sister! And, as I'm aloive, there she is." "What, that one in green?" "The same." That's my wife"—!!!

*At Night at a Dance*

"Me dear lady. I've had the most awful experience to-day. I told a man his sister was loike a horse, and another man that his wife would bore the Channel Tunnel, and, bedad, it was the same woman, and it was true, I'll stick to me guns; she was a holy terror." "Mister O'Toole, you are very insulting." "Be gum, me dear lady, was it you?!!"



"Kissin' on the beach? Shockin'!—Ten dollars." "He says it was his wife, jidge." 'His wife!—Fifty dollars"
(The Atlantic City [New York] local Bench is determined to put down kissing in public. One defendant pleaded that he had only kissed his wife, but the Recorder was unmoved)

Paderewski stands the racket

Paderewski received a great ovation at Sydney. Some 200 young women rushed the platform and endeavoured to embrace him. According to a contemporary the great pianist seemed to enjoy the experience

# CONCERNING MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON

*(NO. 39 OF THE SERIES)*

For some reason or other, people are always surprised when they hear that Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson is the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was educated at Winchester. The atmosphere of the parsonage, breathed by him in childhood, has produced many good and great men, but it has never produced anybody at all like Mr. Pearson. The glorious foundation of Wykeham, too, which will undoubtedly number Mr. Pearson among its most illustrious and venerated *alumni*, will probably give him a stained-glass window all to himself, for he would not work in very well with any other famous Wykehamist that could be named.

His home and his school, in fact, conspired to foster one spirit, to teach one lesson: that of repose. The lesson he never learned, the spirit never entered into him; for he was of those who form their own theories and do not bow to the influence of numbers. Winchester is noted everywhere—beyond all other schools, say some—for its tone; that subtle, indefinable thing which the right sort of people are understood to detect in any man with an instinct as unfailing as that by which the little dogs scent truffles in the ground. The tone of Winchester is known to be a particularly adhesive article. Yet you may look in vain for traces of it in any column of the *Daily Express* or *Pearson's Weekly*, to name no more of the innumerable publications of the Pearson firm. Vestiges of New York and Chicago may be found in those periodicals; a good deal of Birmingham; some signs of Colney Hatch occasionally, and sometimes even of Dartmoor; for a yellow journal has to retain its colour, and its proprietor must live. But no hint of Winchester

Mr. Pearson really gets his tone from his University, which is situated in Southampton Street, Strand, and goes by the admirably expressive name of *Tit Bits*. If any reader is curious to realise the effects of that generous culture, let him procure a half-year's volume of Sir George Newnes' great periodical, and read it quickly through, omitting nothing. If, during or after this experiment, his brain does not blow the top of his head off, he may congratulate himself on the possession of a skull as excellently constructed as Mr. Pearson's.

For some years before he went out into the world on his own account, Mr. Arthur Pearson was connected with the staff of *Tit Bits*. He has since allowed it to stand on record that he "rapidly rose to the position of manager." The word "rapidly" is superfluous here. Everything that Mr. Pearson has ever done has been done rapidly, from his first steps in walking, to his organisa ion of the Tariff Reform League. He has lived rapidly from the outset, and Mr. Chamber ain himself has declared: "Mr. Pearson is the greatest hustler I have ever known."

He is in the habit of utilising the odd fractions of a second which intervene between his asking a question of someone on the telephone and getting the reply. It is understood that many a leading article in the *Express* has been dictated to a stenographer under these conditions. He conducts important discussions of editorial policy with his lieutenants at the rate of three hundred words a minute. He is said to have learned to talk on his fingers, so that business might be transacted while he was brushing his teeth; and he made up his mind on the Fiscal Question while punching the ball one morning.

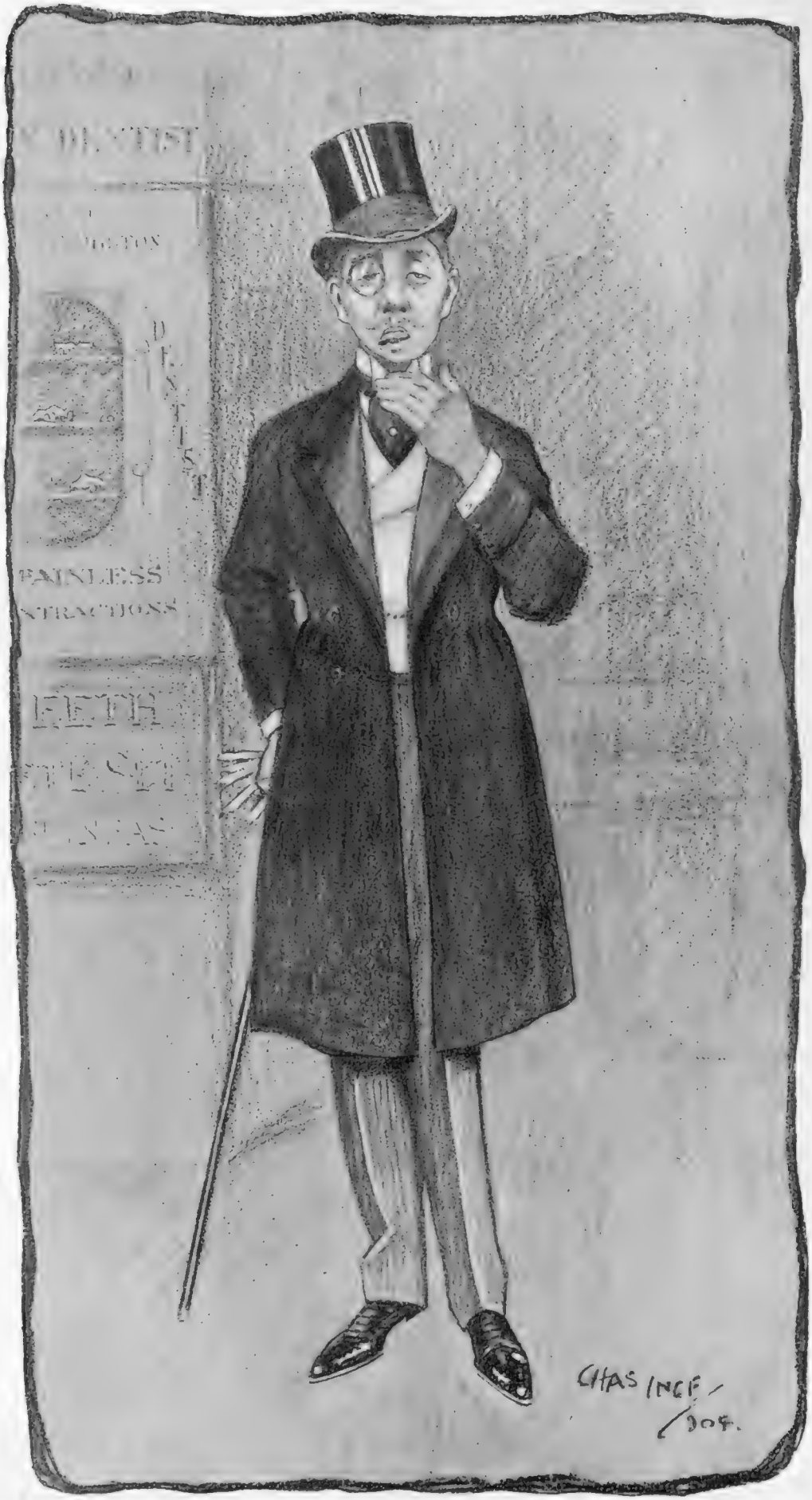
Four years did he labour in the interests of Sir George Newnes as manager of *Tit Bits*; and then it struck him that, by all the signs, a millionaire newspaper-owner had a very reasonably good time of it in the world. He decided to add himself to the ranks of these powerful and enviable men. He was not long about it. *Pearson's Weekly* was the beginning. That is getting on for fifteen years ago; and it is curious to reflect that so short an interval divides the successful owner of six daily papers and a long list of other periodicals from the young man who threw up his post with Sir George because he could not get a rise on £300 a year.

It was in 1900 that the *Express* dawned upon the world. It was remarkable for its front page, which contained news instead of advertisements. The plan has been copied since, but Mr. Pearson was the daring innovator who first presented the public with a paper from which they could learn the most important news with the minimum of trouble. Some fears were entertained lest the public might resent this attempt to deprive it of a cause for grumbling; but the *Express* had a remarkable success, and is now the heart of a system of Pearson papers that covers the country.

It had no politics when it started. At least, that was the idea. But no man ever yet succeeded in keeping a daily newspaper going in this country on those lines. It has politics now, and has them badly. Its politics, like everything else connected with Mr. Pearson's papers, are of the very latest pattern, and most carefully selected. The wisdom of the change from a paper with no politics to a paper with politics sticking out all over it has been questioned by some observers of the journalistic world. But one thing is certain: it is much easier for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven than for a non-political newspaper proprietor to enter into Debrett.

Mr. Pearson is thirty-eight only. Should he retire to-morrow, he would be remembered for many years in British journalism for his incredible energy and marvellous success. But there is one thing that entitles him to more admiration than the history of the *Express*, or *Pearson's Magazine*, or *M.A.P.*, or *Short Stories*, or even *Home Notes*, can bring him. That is "Pearson's Fresh Air Fund."

The "Expresstidigitator"




*SILLY SEASON NEWSPAPER HEADLINES—ILLUSTRATED*

**GOLD IN SHEEP'S HEADS**

# The Responsibility of the Press*

## By MARIE CORELLI

Not long ago a Royal hint was given by one of the wisest and most tactful among the great throned Rulers of the world, to that other ruling power which is frequently alluded to as 'the Third Estate.' Edward the Seventh, King by the Grace of God over Great Britain and all the dependencies which flourish under the sign of the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle, using that courteous and diplomatic manner which particularly belongs to him, expressed his "hope" that the Gentlemen of the Press would do their best to foster amity and good-will between the British Empire and other nations. Now amongst the many kindly, thoughtful, sagacious and far-sighted things which His Majesty has done since he ascended the English Throne, that highest seat of honour in the world,—perhaps this mild and friendly suggestion to the press is one of the most pointed, necessary and admirable. It is a suggestion which, if accepted in the frank, manly and magnanimous spirit in which it has been conveyed, would make for the peace of Europe. Petty insult often begets serious strife, and the cheap sneer of a would-be 'smart' journalist at another country's governmental mistakes may lead to consequences undreamt of in newspaper-office philosophy. Yet the journalist, *as* journalist, is scarcely to blame if, in a praiseworthy desire to give a 'selling' impetus to the paper on which he is employed, he gets up a little bit of speculative melodrama, such as 'German Malignity,' 'Russian Trickery,' 'Mysterious Movements of the Fleet,' 'French Insult to the King,' 'America's Secret Treaty' or 'Alarming Eastern Rumours.' He is perhaps not in any way departing from his own special line of business if he counts on the general gullibility of the public, though in this matter he is often liable to be himself gulled. For the public have been so frequently taken in by mere 'sensationalism' in war news and the like, that they are beginning to view all such rumours with more contempt than credence. Nevertheless the ambitious little press boys (for they are only boys in their lack of discernment, whatever may be their external appearance as grown men) do not deserve so much reproof for their hot-headed, impulsive and thoughtless ways as the personages set in authority over them, whose business it is to edit their 'copy' before passing it on to the printers. *They* are the responsible parties,—and when they forget the dignity of their position so much as to allow a merely jejune view of the political situation to appear in their journals under flamboyant headlines which catch the eye and ensnare the attention of the more or less uninstructed crowd, one naturally deplores the lapse of their honourable duty. For in this way a great deal of harm may be done and endless misunderstanding and mischief created. It is quite wrong and wholly unpatriotic that the newspapers of any country should strive to foster ill-feeling between conflicting nations or political parties. When they engage in this kind of petty strife one is irresistibly reminded of the bad child in the nursery who, seeing his two little brothers quarrelling, cries out: "Go it Tom! Go it Jack! Hit him in the eye!" and then, when the hit is given and mutual screams follow, runs to his mother with the news—"Ma! Tom and Jack are fighting!" with an entire quashing of the fact that he helped to set them at it. And when the trouble begins to be serious and national recriminations are freely exchanged, it is curious to note how quickly the press on both sides assume the attitude of an almost matronly remonstrance. One hears in every leading article the "How can you behave so, Jack! What a naughty boy you are, Tom! Positively I am ashamed of you both!"

There would be no greater force existing in the world as an aid to civilization and human fraternity than the Press, if its vast powers were employed to the noblest purposes. It ought to resemble a mighty ship, which, with brave, true men at the helm, moves ever on a straight course, cleaving the waters of darkness and error, and making direct for the highest shores of peace and promise. But it must be a ship indeed,—grandly built, nobly manned and steadily steered,—not a crazy, water-logged vessel, creaking with the thud of every wave, or bobbing backwards and forwards uncertainly in a gale. Its position at the present day is, or appears to be rather the latter than the former. Unquestionably the people, taken in the mass, do not rely upon it. They read the newspapers,—unfortunately, they often read the worser kinds of newspapers—but they almost immediately forget everything in them except the headlines and one or two unpleasant police cases. And why do they forget? Simply because first of all they are not sufficiently interested, and secondly, because they do not believe the news they read. A workman told me the other day that he had been saving sixpence a week on two halfpenny papers which he had been accustomed to take in for the past year. "I found 'em out in ten lies, all on top of one another in two weeks," he candidly explained; "and so I thought I might as well keep my money for something more useful. So I started putting the halfpence by for my little kiddie, and I'm going to stick to it. There's five shillings in the Savings bank already!"

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Glancing back to the early journalism of the past century when Dickens and Thackeray wrote for the newspapers ('there were giants in those days') one cannot help being struck by the great deterioration in the whole 'tone' of the press at the present time as contrasted with that which prevailed in the dawn of the Victorian era. There is dignity, refinement, and power in the leading articles of *The Times* and other journals then in vogue, such as must needs have compelled people not only to read, but to think. The vulgar 'personal' note, the flippant sneer at this, that or t'other personage,—the monkey-like mockery of women,—the senseless gibes flung at poets and poetry,—the clownish kick at sentiment,—were all apparently unknown.

True it is that *The Times* still holds its own as a journal where one may look in vain for 'sensationalism,' (save in its advertisements of the Encyclopædia Britannica), but its position is rather like that of a grim old lion surrounded by cubs of all sizes and ages that yap and snap at its whiskers and take liberties with its tail. It can be said however that all the better, higher class periodicals such as *The Morning Post* and *The Standard* are in the same situation—the yapping and snapping goes on around them precisely in the same way—"Circulation Five Times as Large as that of any Penny Morning Journal," etcetera, etcetera. And the question of the circulation of any particular newspaper resolves itself into two points,—firstly, the amount of money it puts into the pockets of its proprietors or proprietor, and secondly, the influence it has or is likely to have on the manners and morals of the public. The last is by far the most important matter though the first is naturally the leading *motif* of its publication. Herein we touch the keynote of responsibility. How and in what way are the majority of people swayed or affected by the statements and opinions of some one man or several men employed on the world's press? On this point it may perhaps be asked whether any newspaper is really justified in setting before readers of all ages and temperaments, a daily fare of suicides, murders, divorce-cases, sudden deaths, or abnormal 'horrors' of every kind to startle, depress or warp the mind away from a sane and healthful out-look upon life and the things of life in general? A very brilliant and able journalist tells me that "if we don't put these things in, we are so deadly dull!" One can but smile at this candid statement of inefficiency. The idea that there can be any 'lively' reading in the sorrowful details of sickness, crime or mania leaves much room for doubt. And when it is remembered how powerfully the human mind is affected by suggestion, it is surely worth while enquiring as to whether the newspapers could not manage to offer their readers noble and instructive subjects of thought, rather than morbid and degrading ones. Fortunately for all classes, the bulk of what may be called 'magazine literature,' makes distinctly for the instruction and enlightenment of the public, and though a 'gutter press' exists in Great Britain, as in America, the public are now educated enough to recognise its type and to treat it with the contempt it merits. I quote here part of a letter which appeared some time ago in the *Westminster Gazette* signed "Observer," and entitled:

"A PRESS-GOVERNED EMPIRE.

"To the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

"Sir,—We have it on the highest authority that the Government acts on the same information as is at the disposal of 'the man in the street' (*vide* Mr. Balfour at Manchester). The man in the street obviously must depend on the Press for his information. How has the Press served him?

"Let me take a recent illustration. A great experiment was to be made by the Navy. A battleship with all its tremendous armament was to pound a battleship. Naturally the Press was well represented, and the public was eager for its report.

"In due course a narrative appeared describing the terrible havoc wrought. The greatest stress was laid upon the instant ignition and complete destruction by fire of all the woodwork on the doomed ship. Elaborate leading articles appeared enforcing the lesson that wood was no longer a possible material for the accessory furniture of a battleship.

"A day or two after, a quiet answer in the House of Commons from Mr. Goschen informed the limited public who read it, that no fire whatever had occurred on the occasion so graphically described by the host of Press correspondents.

"The events dealt with on these occasions took place in our own country, and under our own eyes, so to speak. If such untrue reports are set forth with the verisimilitude of accurate and detailed personal description of eye-witnesses, what are we to say of the truth in the reports of events occurring at a distance?

. . . . .

"Special knowledge, special experience long continued, speaking under a sense of responsibility, are set at nought. The regular channels of information are neglected, and the conduct of affairs is based on newspaper reports. Any private business conducted and managed on these lines would be immediately ruined. The business of the Empire is more important, and the results of its mismanagement are more serious. For how long will it be possible to continue its management, trusting to the light thrown on events by an irresponsible Press?"

The 'irresponsibility' here complained of comes out perhaps more often and most glaringly in those papers which profess to chronicle the sayings and doings of kings and queens, prime ministers and personages more or less well-known in the world of art, letters and society. In nine cases out of ten, the journalist who reports these sayings and doings has never set eyes on the people about whom he writes with such a free and easy flippancy. Even if he has, his authority to make their conversation public may be questioned. It is surely not too much to ask of the editors of newspapers that they should, by applying directly to the individuals concerned, ascertain whether such and such a statement made to them is true before giving it currency. A couple of penny stamps expended in private correspondence would settle the matter to the satisfaction of both parties.

'Personalities' however would seem to be greatly in vogue. Note the following:

"At seven o'clock the King left the hotel and walked to the spring to drink more of the water. Altogether, His Majesty has to drink about a quart of the water every morning, before breakfast.

"Standing among the throng, in which every type and nationality of humanity was represented, the King sipped his second pint glass of water.

"After drinking the quart of water, the regulations laid down for the 'cure' further require the King to walk for two hours before eating a morsel of food.

"This His Majesty performed by pacing up and down the promenade from the Kruez spring at one end, to the Ferdinand spring at the other.

"Notwithstanding all the appeals of the local authorities to the visitors, King Edward was * *much greatly* inconvenienced by the snobbish curiosity of the crowd."

One may query whether "the snobbish curiosity of the crowd" or the snobbish newspaper information as to how "the King sipped his second pint glass of water," was the most reprehensible. Of course there are both men and women who delight in the personalities of the press, especially when they concern themselves. Sir Gilbert Parker, for instance, would have been justly annoyed had the 'fashionable news column' failed to insert an announcement that he had followed the King,—(with that 'snobbish crowd,' one supposes?) to Marienbad. Many ladies of rank and title are only too happy to have their dresses described to the Man in the Street, and their physical charms discussed by Tom, Dick and Harry. And when the press is amiable enough to oblige them in these little yearnings for personal publicity, let us hope that the labourer, being worthy of his hire, hath his reward.

In olden days it would seem that a great part of the responsibility of the press lay in its criticism of art and literature. That burden, however, no longer lies upon its shoulders. Since the people began to read for themselves, newspaper criticism, so far as books are concerned, carries little weight. When some particular book secures a great success, we read this kind of thing about it:—"In argument, intrigue and style it captures the fancy of the masses without attracting the slightest attention from the critical and discriminating few whose approval alone gives any chance of permanence to work." This is of course very old hearing. 'The critical and discriminating few' in Italy long ago condemned Dante as a 'vulgar' rhymer, who used the "people's vernacular." Now, the much-abused Florentine is the great Italian classic. The same 'critical and discriminating few' condemned John Keats, who is now enrolled among the chiefest of English poets. Onslaughts of the bitterest kind were hurled at the novels of Charles Dickens by the 'critical and discriminating few'—in the great writer's time—but he 'captured the fancy of the masses' and lives in the hearts and homes of thousands for whom the 'critical and discriminating few' might just as well never have existed. And when we look up the names of the 'critical and discriminating few' in our own day, we find, strange to say, that they are all disappointed authors! All of them have written poems or novels, which are failures. So we must needs pity their 'criticism' and 'discrimination' equally, knowing the secret fount of gall from which both these delicate emotions spring. At the same time, the "responsibility" of the press might still be appealed to in literary, dramatic and artistic matters as, for example:

Why allow an unsuccessful artist to criticize a successful picture?

Why ask an unlucky playwright who cannot get even a farce accepted by the managers, to criticize a brilliant play?

* Copied *verbatim* from the Press report.

Why depute a gentleman or lady who has 'essayed' a little unsuccessful fiction to 'review' a novel which has 'captured the fancy of the masses' and is selling well?

These be weighty matters! Common human nature is common human nature all the world over, and it is not in common human nature to give praise to another for what we ourselves envy. Everyone has not the same fine endowment of generosity as Sir Walter Scott, who wrote an anonymous review of Lord Byron's poems, giving them the most enthusiastic praise, and frankly stating that after the appearance of so brilliant a luminary of genius, Walter Scott could no longer be considered worthy of attention as a poet. What rhymer of to-day would thus nobly condemn himself in order to give praise to a rival!

May it not, with due respect, be suggested to those who have the handling of such matters that neither the avowed friends nor the avowed foes of authors be permitted to review their books?—the same rule of criticism to apply equally to the works of musicians, painters, sculptors and playwrights? Neither personal prejudice nor personal favouritism should be allowed to interfere with the impression produced on the mind by a work of art. Vulgar abuse and fervid eulogy are alike out of place. In the productions of the human brain nothing is wholly bad and nothing is wholly good. Perfection is impossible of attainment on our present plane of existence. We do not find it in Nature,—still less shall we find it in ourselves. The critic can show good in everything if he himself is of a good mind. Or he can show bad in everything as easily, should his digestion be out of order. Unfortunately the 'wear and tear of life'—to quote the Patent Medicine advertisements, wreaks natural havoc on the physical composition of the unfortunate gentleman who is perhaps set down to review twenty novels in one column of print for the trifling sum of a guinea. All sorts of difficulties beset him. For instance, he may be employed on a certain 'literary' paper which being the property of the relatives of a novelist, exists chiefly to praise that novelist, even though it be curiously called an 'organ of English literature,'—and woe betide the miserable man who dares to praise anyone else! Knowing much of the ins and outs of the literary grind I tender my salutations to all reviewers of books, together with my respectful sympathy. I am truly sorry for them, and I do not in the least wonder that they hate with a deadly hatred every scribbling creature who writes a 'long' novel. Because the 'pay' for reviewing such a book is never in proportion to its length, as of course it ought to be. But anyway it doesn't matter how much or how little of it is criticised. The bulk of the public do not read reviews. That is left to the 'discriminating few.' And oh, how that 'discriminating few' would love to 'capture the fancy of the masses' if they could only manage to do it! Yet—'never mind!' they say, with the tragedian's glare and scowl—"Our names will be inscribed upon the scroll of fame when all ye are forgotten!" Dear things! Heaven grant them this poor comfort in their graves!

One cannot but regret that in these days of wonderful research, discovery and invention, so

little is done to popularize science in the columns of the daily press. The majority of the public are appallingly ignorant of astronomy for instance. Would it not be as interesting to instruct them in a simple and easy style as to the actual wonders of the heavens about us, as to fill their minds with the details of a murder? I hardly like to touch on the subject of Geography, for out of fifteen 'educated' persons I asked the question of recently, not one knew the actual situation on the map, of Thibet. Now it seems to me that the Press could work wonders in the way of education,—much more than the 'Bill' will ever do. Books on science and learning are often sadly dull and generally expensive, and the public cannot afford to buy them largely, nor do they ask for them much at the libraries. If the daily journals made it a rule to give bright picturesque articles on some grand old truths of science or some great new discoveries, such a course of procedure would be far more productive of good than any amount of "Short Sermons" such as we have lately heard discussed in various quarters. For the Press is really a greater educational force than the Pulpit. In its hands it has the social moulding of a people, and the dignity of a nation as represented to other nations. There could hardly be a nobler task,—there can certainly never be a higher responsibility.

Marie Corelli.

*(The above article terminates the remarkable series of Criticisms of Modern Life, Manners, and Society, by Miss Marie Corelli, in* THE BYSTANDER, *which have created a controversy each week in the Press since the appearance nearly three months since of "Pagan London." We have obtained the sole rights of yet another article by Miss Marie Corelli, which we hope to publish in the course of a few weeks, on a subject of the gravest importance to every English man and woman)*

**Old English Sports at Grasmere: General View of the Ring**

For sixty years Grasmere sports have been held amid the finest scenery in Lakeland, and the rugged countryside seems befitting to sports which include wrestling, leaping, hound trail, and a guides' race up the hillside. This year's entry in the heavy-weight wrestling reached the record number of 103. The doughty Hexham Clark, already six times champion, again carried off the Heavy-Weight Wrestling, and H. Fisher, of Harras Moor, won the Light-Weight (11st. 2lb.) Championship. In the Guides' Race, of about 1½ miles, the course chosen was up the steep sides of Butter Crag, and this race was the event of the meeting, being contested in the pluckiest manner by J. C. Murray, of Falstone, and C. Mossop, of Borrowdale, who ran neck and neck until near the winning post, when Murray pulled ahead and won by ten yards. A large and fashionable gathering were present although the weather in the earlier stages of the meeting was rather unsatisfactory

# A DAY'S OTTER HUNTING

*SNAPSHOTS BY A LADY ENTHUSIAST*

1. The hounds arrive, and we carefully look them over. They seem fit

2. In full cry, but—the quarry manages to bolt

3. Again on the scent. Problem—How is the field to get across?

4. *Nil Desperandum!* We make a detour and find a fallen tree. A false step means two feet of mud. But we succeed—

A DAY'S OTTER HUNTING:

*Continued from*

5. ——With help, only to find another small stream blocking the way, but, like Hannibal, we rise superior to difficulties——

6. ——And get in at the kill, after which we set out for home, wet, tired, and ravenous, but happy

SNAPSHOTS BY A LADY ENTHUSIAST

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# "At the Sign of the Times"

## ON PORT ARTHUR, SHAMROCK IV., AND SOME HOME TOPICS

**Predictions**

Russian officers, naturally enough, are becoming less definite in their predictions about the war than they used to be. The dates they fixed for the final submission of the Japanese are mostly past, and it would hardly be patriotic to fix on a date for the final submission of the Russians. Under these circumstances, the Russian captain is to be congratulated who gave out that "Before a month is past, events of the greatest importance will take place." No forecast could be more reasonable.

**The Coming Fall**

Meanwhile, Port Arthur holds out, like some great singer before his retirement. "Last Days of Port Arthur"—was how a sober contemporary headed its description of the tragic siege a week or more ago; and "Positively Last Days" may be expected shortly. After that, Port Arthur will probably hold out for "One More Week"—by special request of the evening papers.

**All Sorts of Lessons**

"After reviewing the troops at Kussel"—says the *Daily Chronicle*—"the Kaiser summoned the superior officers of the garrison and gave them a lecture on the lessons to be learned from the Russo-Japanese War." One wonders if the superior officers then had to write the lecture out ten times. On the same day, apparently, a German private, to whom the authorship of an anonymous letter accusing certain non-commissioned officers of ill-treating their men had been traced, shot himself through the head with his rifle at Metz, while at Trèves three non-commissioned officers were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment for practising cruelty on their men of "so gross a character that the Court was obliged to exclude the public." A lecture on the lessons to to be learned from German peace might also have had a certain value.

**"That Cup"**

Hope springs eternal in the breast of Sir Thomas Lipton, and he has informed an interviewer that he regards the performances of Shamrocks I., II., and III., as merely "interesting preliminaries" to the real fight which is to come. This real fight will be made by Shamrock IV., which is in course of being designed, and the knock-out blow will be delivered, I suppose, either by that at present unbuilt yacht, or by Shamrocks V.—XX. After all, it is the right spirit, and we ought to be as proud of it as Americans are of the Cup—the loss of which they do not appear to anticipate.

**The Economics of Land-Slides**

Cromer has always been favoured by nature, and the recent landslip is no exception to the rule. Mere poppies are insufficient to attract tourists in large quantities to one place. Besides, they grow in many places. But poppies projected suddenly to a lower stratum of the earth in the midst of the holiday season should allure the most *blasé* crowd, who will feel that they might have gone with the poppies if only they had been present at the right moment. Of course, a land-slide must be of moderate proportions only, and not like those which have shot more than one east coast town right into the sea.

**American Nerves**

The saying that they do things differently in the States is a very true one. I am not speaking of negro-lynching, which—since I am on it—would be satisfactorily dealt with if it were less discussed as a point of casuistry and more as a point of order. I am talking of the boy in Kansas who went out of his mind during a performance of *Julius Cæsar*. I do not believe that any boy in this country could go out of his mind during a performance of *Julius Cæsar*—or any girl out of hers either. We have not the nervous development necessary for such a proceeding; or else our actors do not require the advertisement.

**Bacon Again**

The Kansas victim is said to be going to try and obtain damages—of the kind Germany calls "intellectual damages" when a German missionary is killed—from the leading actor in the play. It is to be hoped that he will not lose his case by making any technical error, such as describing the play as one of William Shakespeare's. That old-world superstition is exploded in Kansas.

**The Meaning of Genuine**

The use of the word "genuine" is becoming debased; and not only that, but commonplace as well. Advertisers are largely at fault for assuming—what I am sure is a mistake—that nothing can be advertised to advantage unless it is docketed "genuine." Gold watches, gardeners, Chippendale furniture, and bakers' assistants, are all invariably "genuine." The latest example I have come across is the following from the *Western Morning News*:

> WIDOWER, loving, retired, abstainer, sincere, wishes correspondence; view, early marriage with lady, abstainer, sincere, age several years under or over sixty, with means; strictly confidential; genuine.

**A Tolerant Widower**

It is a little difficult to determine exactly which are the words to which "genuine" is meant to be attached in this passage. Probably the lady's means; with possibly her sincerity and temperance proclivities a good second and third. Her age does not seem to matter much, so long as it is not sixty precisely. A short life and a sober one is what the widower seems to look forward to for his future wife.

**Manners in Railway Trains**

What should be our manners in a railway train? A writer in one of the morning papers has been complaining that English people have no manners and no conversation either. They are either desperately glum, she says, or else they detail the whole of their sordid family histories. There is no golden mean. The only ideal fellow-passenger, she cites, was an old lady who used to strike up an acquaintance by saying—"Dear me, you're Miss Jones, aren't you? I thought I remembered your face. I'm so sorry, I've made a mistake"—or words to that effect, which never failed to induce a pleasant conversation. People to whom I have mentioned this case say that they have met very similar old ladies and gentlemen, and that their first instinctive act was to feel for their purses to make sure they were safe. Such is the cross-grainedness of human nature.

MINIMUS.

**A Nasty Insinuation**

NEW ARRIVAL: "Which is the best hotel here?"

SCOTCH PORTER: "Hotel! There's naething but a wee bit Temperance Hoosie, an' I'm sure *that's* no' the thing for the like o' you"

*Photo by* [*R. W. Thomas*

**Miss Dora Barton**

*Like her brothers and sisters of the profession, is an ardent devotee of outdoor pursuits*

*Photo by]* **Miss Sybil Arundale** *[R. W. Thomas*

*Finas a round on the golf links the best preparation for her performance at Daly's Theatre in "The Cingalee"*

**OF A BUSY PROFESSION**

## OUR SHORT STORY

# A BIT OF OLD ENGLISH

### By GEORGE BARTRAM

A hot, thunder-boding afternoon in the early sixties. The place, Gapthorp Crown, overlooking Culverton Valley. The little market town of Culverton a mile southward, and northward, at the foot of the slope, that hold of bad men, Chawnbrook. Quaint village, Chawnbrook. Its inhabitants are startlingly unconventional, and "a bad lot to strangers." When there are no malapert visitors to pummel, Chawnbrook folk fight among themselves, for pure love of the game.

There is a third of Culverton School in waiting at Gapthorp, boys of from ten to fourteen, squatting around the little hollow on the edge of the furze-brake. A fight is to come off in the hollow, between Ned Gawdon, the Chawnbrook blacksmith, and Stephen Groome, lout, of Culverton. We are Culverton lads all, and our sympathies are with Stephen, though we have no hope of his winning.

"He ain't got no chance at all," says Chess Burton, the best fighter and biggest dunce of our party, a sturdy lad, with close-cropped hair, clumping fists, and a pug-nose that stretches from cheekbone to cheekbone. "He won't last ten minnits wi' Gawdon. Soft as putty he is, and ain't had no experience neither."

"I reckon," says Dumpling Turner, "them Chawn roughs wouldn't let Steve win, even if he wor able."

"Oh, he'll get fair play, in spite of 'em," says Chess. "Old Vince Ambory 's goin' to be referee, and he won't stand no nonsense."

Dick Holloway sings out from the lane: "Ho, boys, Gawdon's gang is musterin' down at Chawn! And here's old Ambory in his pony-chay, joggin' up the hill from Culverton, and I can see Steve crossin' the 'lotments. All by hisself is Steve—no second, nor nowt. Whoop, lads, it's coming off, and no mistake!"

"Poor old Steve," says Chess; "nobody in Culverton game enough to pick him up, so 'feared they be o' them Chawn Turks."

"Wot's the foight about, anyway?" queries Dumpling.

"All over a girl," says Chess; "old Woodhouse's darter, wot keeps the gate at Mopham Crossin'. I'd like to see myself take a wallopin' for a girl! I've fou't for pennies, I've fou't for toffy; but for a girl—yah!"

Out we all go to the lane, to meet the referee. That important official arrives, steers his pony-chaise through a gap and into the furze, alights, and stands calmly gazing southward, while we cluster admiringly around him. My heart is sore for Steve—Steve, who has carried me on his back many a mile—moonfaced, soft-spoken Steve, kind of heart and huge of limb. Cautiously, for I am the weakest and gentlest of the gang, I drift alongside old Vincent.

"Mister Ambory," say I, in a whisper, "be you goin' to let 'em foight?"

"Course I be, sonny."

"Will Steve get hurt much?"

He looks keenly at me. "My lad," says he, "go down into the wood, and have an arternoon's bird-nestin'. It'll suit ye better than watchin' the foight. As for Steve, I reckon he'll get an awful wallopin'."

I sidle off, oppressed with boyish shame, yet hopeful of Vincent's mediation. It seems to me that this great, broad-shouldered old man, with the face of a benevolent lion—this uncrowned monarch of lawless louts, whose ruling in a fight is absolute—will not allow Steve to be hurt too much. I call to mind what the old people say of our referee—that he has won many battles, nearly all undertaken on behalf of injured weaklings and tortured animals; that the defenceless were ever safe when Vince Ambory was by, and that the violent and cruel were awed by his very name. Imagination exalts him into a vindicatory seraph—Michael the Archangel in corduroy breeches and worsted stockings.

There is a rattle of hobnailed boots in the lane, and the "Gawdon gang" enters the hollow. "Fine day, Mister Ambory," and old Vincent nods his lion-like head in response. Ned Gawdon, with a flaming red handkerchief knotted around his neck, throws himself on the turf, and lies looking up at the blue sky, contentedly chewing a bent. He has "a hot corner" with him. There is his brother Harry, violent of gesture, clamorous of tongue. There is "Slender Billy," the earth-stopper, the most dangerous man in the shire, ready to fight at any notice and with any weapon—spade, reaping-hook, hobnailed boot, pewter pot, all come alike to him. There are others almost as bad.

"Where's chuckle-headed Stevy?" yells Harry Gawdon. "Be he goin' to turn up, Mister Ambory, or has he crep' under his mammy's apron?"

"Be you speakin' to me?" queries Vincent.

"Course I be."

"If you knowed behaviour," says the old man, severely, "you'd be aware 'taint the c'rect thing to ask kid's questions of a referee. If ye go on to the hill, and look towards Culverton, I wouldn't wonder

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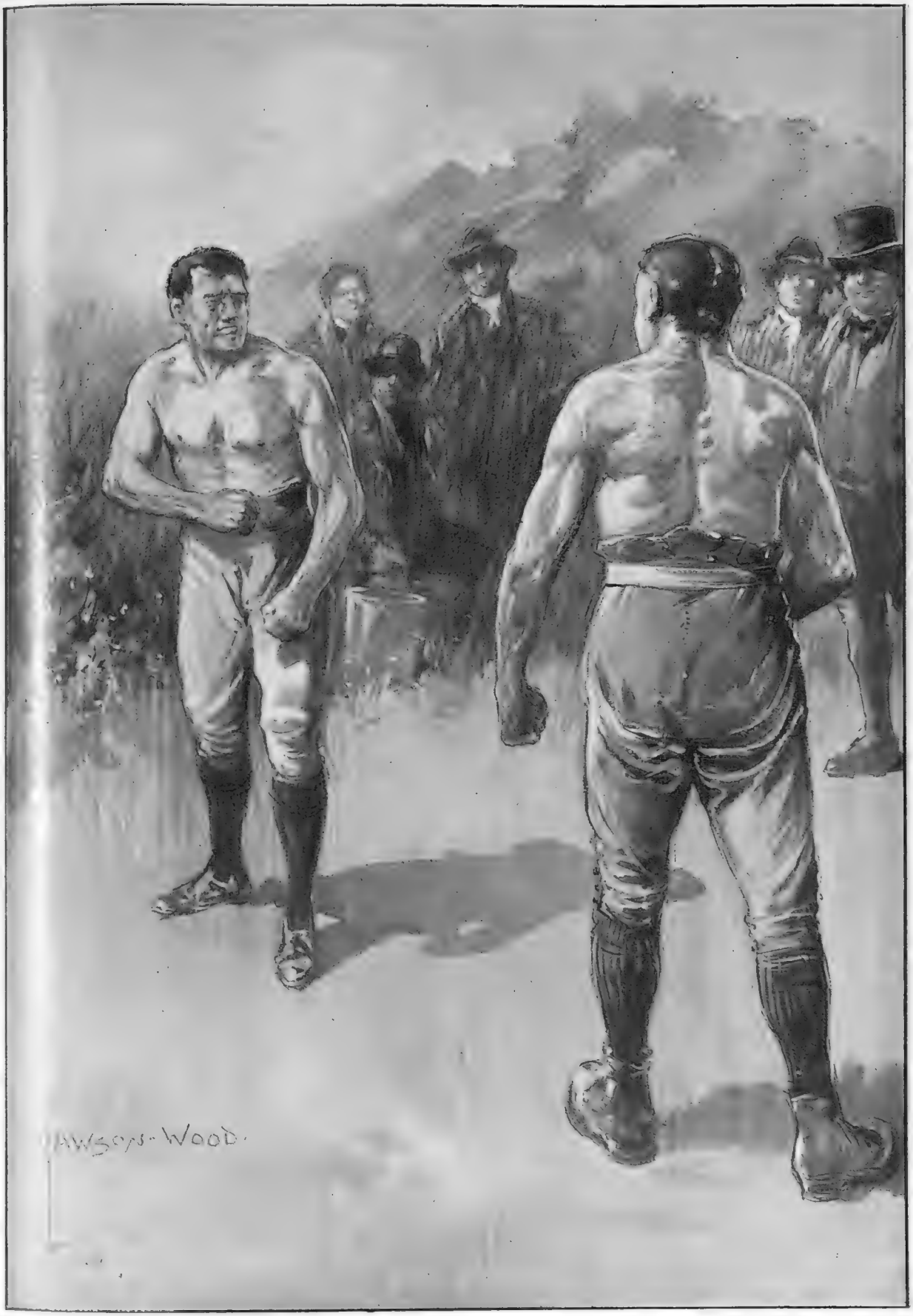



"TIME!" he shouts. The men advance, stripped to the waist, and face each other

but ye'll see Steve comin', though he mayn't be bringin' every rough in the town wi' him."

An awkward silence creeps over the gang, and little more is said till Stephen Groome arrives. He carries his smock on his left arm, and his old straw hat in his hand. His breeches are girded by a leathern strap, and his boots, I should say, weigh ten pounds each.

"Foine day, Mister Ambory." Then he looks across at the Chawn "corner," and blushes fiery red.

"The champion o' Culverton!" derisively howls Slender Billy. "Stroike me all of a 'eap, but he looks it! Where did he foind them feet? Who sent ye up 'ere, Steve, and how are ye goin' to get 'ome agin, when Ned's done wi' ye?"

"He won't want to go 'ome!" shouts young Harry Gawdon. "There ain't no wheelbarrer in Culverton 'll hold his remains. Come on, Ned, peel and get it over. Knock him all to pieces, loike a snow-man arter a thaw!"

Ambory whispers to two of the boys, who rush down the hill to an old "steading," and procure a couple of buckets. These they fill with water at a little spring that gushes out of the hill-side, then bring them up into the hollow. Ambory takes two sponges from the pockets of his "square tail," puts one in each bucket, and a bucket on each side the ring. Meantime, Gawdon and Steve "peel."

"Don't hurry, Steve," says Vincent, "we're hardly ready. You Chawn folk over there: this Culverton chap has never a one to pick him up. Your man, I fancy, is loikely to ha' too many seconds. Can't one o' ye step out, and do the needful for Steve?"

"'Tain't likely," says the earth-stopper, glaring fiendishly across the hollow. "If he ain't got a pal, 'tis his own look-out. We're all Chawn folk this soide, and no mistake."

"Never moind, sir," says Steve, with an innocent smile. "I'll pick myself up as long as I can manage it. When I can't ye may look on me as beaten."

"Brayvo, laddie," says Ambory. "All ready, now. A fair foight, moind, and no interferin'."

Out comes his old silver watch. "TIME!" he shouts, and distant echoes in Gapthorp Wood respond—"TIME! Time!" The men advance, stripped to the waist, and face each other.

Fine fellows both, and, like all really well-built men, look immensely bigger out of their clothes than in them. Gawdon has a splendid neck, firm and muscular as a bull's, and his long arms are all bone and sinew. He stands about five-feet-ten, and weighs about twelve stone. His legs are well-shaped but thin, and he is wonderfully quick on his feet. This is probably his twentieth "turn-up," and Steve has never fought before. It looks ten to one on "The Cock o' Chawn."

Steve is about an inch shorter, and a stone heavier. He has no neck to speak of—his round head with its rosy grinning face "sits right on his body." His big legs are rather splay, and he shows a slight curve of fat at the waist. He is slow on his feet—the legacy of the clods weighs heavily upon him. There can be no doubt as to his strength and stamina. His arms are tremendous, and his tanned fists like huge bosses of copper. His chest and loins are in the true Herculean mould. He looks as though he could carry half-a-ton.

Dead silence falls on the crowd, and I can hear the shuffling of the men's feet on the crisp turf. My heart comes into my mouth, and the salt tears rise and blind me. Breath and vision come back suddenly with the sound of a smashing blow, and a triumphant roar from the Chawn folk. A second smash—something tells me Steve is the receiver—I look up, and behold the men locked in a bitter wrestle. Blood is streaming from Stephen's mouth. Gawdon dexterously gets the crook on, and throws him a cross-buttock, falling with him. Slender Billy rushes forward, and takes Gawdon to his corner. Steve rises, spits out a mouthful of blood, walks to his corner, and sponges his battered face. I begin to weep silently, and shake from head to foot like an aspen.

"Time!"

Up come the men, amid a roar of savage derision from Gawdon's gang. "Fetch Stevy a glass!" howls Slender Billy, "and let him look at his mug! It's loike a busted curran'-pudden'! Let him have it in the same place agin, Ned!"

"Smash!" on the battered mouth once more. Steve strikes round, and misses. Gawdon counters heavily, closes, and again cross-buttocks his man. Steve rises, makes for the bucket, and plies the sponge carefully.

"Is there never a man in the crowd," says Ambory, "to pick this poor chap up? Will——?"

Chess Burton throws off his jacket, and rushes into the hollow. "Will I do, Mister Ambory?" says he, eagerly.

"There's more o' man in ye, laddie," says old Vincent, "than in all Chawn. Do the best ye can for him."

Chess dexterously plies the sponge, and the boys cheer him to the echo. Up comes Steve, only to be punished afresh. Gawdon hits him when and where he chooses, then closes, but misses his crook, and the two fall together.

The battle goes on, and Steve is punished, thrown, and reviled, till it seems to me that Heaven should fling its lightnings upon his merciless tormentors. After fifteen rounds of this his face is one mass of blood, and his mouth swollen into the semblance of an enormous tomato. In the sixteenth round he gains his first success. Hitting at the head, Gawdon slips and over-reaches, and Steve deals him a thundering right-hander between the eyes, felling him like a pole-axed bullock. Silence drops on Chawn, and Slender Billy is kept busy during the interval. Steve, sitting in his corner, turns his mutilated face towards Ambory.

"First clean knock-down," says the old man. "A good foight, and, up to this, fair and square."

Chess has an inspiration. He whips out his knife, slits the laces of Steve's boots, drags off the huge encumbrances, and tosses them outside the hollow.

"Time!"

Relieved of that load of iron and leather, Steve comes up quite jauntily. Gawdon retires, and Steve doggedly follows him. Gawdon feints, then swiftly changes feet, and brings the right round like a sledge

hammer. Somehow, the blow does not get home, and Steve delivers two terrific swinging hits, left and right, on his opponent's ribs, sending him down in parlous plight. All Chawn rushes into the ring, and a dreadful hubbub ensues. Steve is back in his corner—Chess dribbling water over his face.

"Foul blow!" yells Slender Billy. "Referee—referee!"

Ambory steps into the ring and waves the Chawn folk back. "Who claims a foul?" says he.

"I do," says the earth-stopper. "He hit Ned twoice below the belt."

"So he did!" yell the others.

"I give my decision straight off," says Ambory. "Both blows wor fair, and harder blows I never did see. Go on wi' the foight!"

"It's a lie!" shouts young Harry Gawdon. "The blows wor foul, and I'll ——"

He rushes at Steve, but Ambory intervenes, and calmly knocks him clean across the ring.

"Send up your man, Slender Billy," says the masterful veteran. "Time!"

Up come the men again. There is a lump on Gawdon's forehead as big as a small turnip, and Steve's iron knuckles have opened a cut on his left side like the scar of a blunt axe. The Chawn man looks savage and determined; but, as he advances, he puts his hand to that damaged side, and his mouth writhes hideously. With a muttered oath he dashes at his opponent and pounds him fiercely, making the blood fly like spray. Again they close. Steve gets his man on the hip, whirls him over, and tosses him flat on his back, then walks to his own corner.

"Foul!" yells Slender Billy. "He catched him by the thoighs, he did!"

"You rat!" says Ambory, "if you raise any more quibbles I'll come into your corner and knock the head off ye! My opinion is that Stephen Groome is actin' quoite fair, and, what's more, foightin' very well indeed. And I make bold to say that it's about ten to one he wins. Get your man ready. Time!"

The men have been fighting nearly an hour. Stephen's face is fearfully mangled—his upper lip is split in two, his nose wide as a bullock's. His head is prodigiously swollen, the right ear being as big as a saucer, and he is splashed with blood from head to foot. Gawdon's face, save for the lump on his brow, is unharmed; but his ribs are dreadful to look at.

Quite unaccountably, my tremors have departed. I scream applaudingly whenever Steve advances—my puny muscles twitch and throb; once, in the middle of an exciting round, I clutch Dumpling's arm with such force that he turns furiously on me, and stares in amazement to find that strenuous pinch comes from his usually quiet playmate. I find myself occasionally swearing; now and then a fierce and triumphant excitement seizes me, and I can scarcely keep from rushing into the ring and assisting Chess, who is almost as gory as his principal.

Indeed, it becomes evident that Steve must win. Oh, the thought, the glory of it! Gawdon is weakening fast—those terrible pile-drivers have broken his spirit. Steve's fortitude is wonderful. He takes no more notice of the blows landed on his lacerated face than if they were drops of summer rain. Occasionally he "lands a thick 'un," and, whenever he does, the Culverton boys cry "Ugh-h-h!" to the thud of the blow. Gawdon closes sometimes to save himself, but his strength has left him, and Steve throws the stalwart fellow as though he were a kitten.

At last the Chawn man loses control of himself, and rushes in with his head down. Steve hits up with all his force, knocking him clean off his legs. All up with the Cock o' Chawn! He lies like a log, and his seconds handle him gingerly, as they bear him to his corner. "Brayvo, old Stevy!" scream the boys, "you've done him! Culverton for ever!" "Time!" shouts Ambory, relentless as Fate.

Gawdon comes up once more, bleeding from nose, mouth, and ears, and staggering like a drunken man. "He's done for!" the boys shout. "Don't hit him no more, Stevy!" Steve has no desire. He seizes Gawdon by the wrists, whirls him around, and sends him reeling into his corner.

"Well," says Ambory, "are ye satisfied?"

"We give in," says Slender Billy. "Our man's a bit off colour, and we won't let him foight no more to-day."

"I reckon," says Ambory, "he'll be a bit off colour for a week to come. Take it all round, it has been a good foight. Stephen Groome has surprised me. How d'ye feel, Stevy?"

"I could go on all day, Mister Ambory."

"Brayvo! Wash his face, Chess, and bring up the chay. He shall roide home wi' me, loike a conkerer as he is. Here's half-a-crown for ye, Chess—you did very well indeed. Don't forget his boots. You Chawn folk, does your man wanter shake hands wi' Steve?"

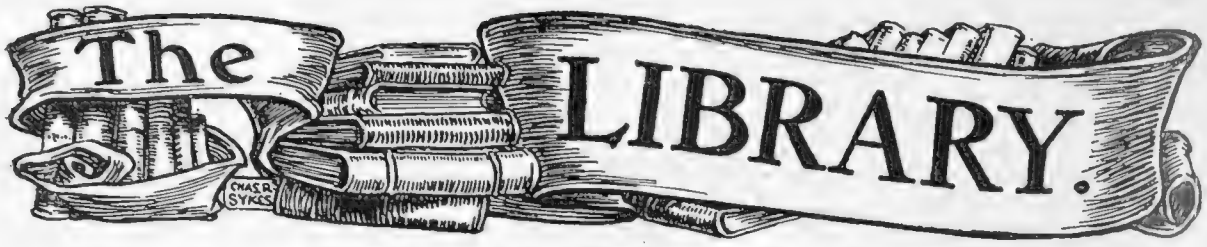
"We won't let him," snarls the earth-stopper. "Take your pet away, mister, afore I have a go at him wi' my blackthorn."

"You treacherous hound!" says Vincent; "if you did the loike, I'd take the stick from you and baste you with it till you couldn't stand. That," with a grand gesture of contempt, "*that* for the hull gang o' ye! Take my arm, Stevy. Come along wi' me, kiddies all, and run behind the chay."

. . . . . .

How rarely nowadays one sees "a set-to"! There is as much blackguardism, as much foul language, as much ill-blood, as of old—perhaps more, for nothing clears away bitterness like a good stand-up fight. (A week after the struggle at Gapthorp I saw Stephen Groome and the Cock o' Chawn share a pot of beer in perfect amity. Margy Woodhouse jilted both, and married Tomkins, the little Methody barber of Culverton. There is no accounting for women.)

Forty years have elapsed since Groome and Gawdon pounded each other at Gapthorp Crown. Battles almost as desperate were then common as wet days. I do not mean prize-fights, but the spontaneous, almost recreative, pugilistic combats of the English lower classes. A wonderful thing, the old English sturdiness! It is disappearing fast from our sport, our literature, even from our vices. Wealth cannot buy it back—drill will never reproduce it. I deem it neither sin nor foolishness to worship the memory of that vanished talisman.




## OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

*From* JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

No. I.

Fleet Street, August 29, 1904

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

I am about to fulfil a long-standing promise and write you a weekly letter about books. You may have forgotten that the promise was ever made, but I have never done so; I have only lacked the opportunity to fulfil it. It was five years ago, just after my father's death; I had been staying with you while winding up affairs at the Rectory, and you said to me on the evening before I left Lestead, "The only thing I regret in living the life of a country gentlemen here, with very rare visits to town, is that I am cut off from hearing about the new books. Everything else I want to know about I can find in the papers, but they won't tell me what books to read."

"But surely," I replied, "you get the criticisms in the *Times* and the *Spectator*, and in other papers you have sent to you."

"I don't want criticism," you said. "I can read the books for myself. What I do want is to be told what books to read, by somebody whose opinion I value. You will be in the way of seeing the new books. Send me a letter sometimes. You know the sort of thing I like—the books that people are talking about, good books on sport and country life generally, the best novels (not the best advertised ones)—a list that I can send off to the library, and the titles of a few books that I can put on my shelves."

Well, I have read a good deal during the last five years, and written a good deal, but I have never actually been in the way of seeing all the newest books as they come hot from the printers until to-day. Now that I am in the way of doing so I shall take pleasure in writing to you, and I shall take pains to recommend only the best books that come under my notice.

Well, to make a beginning. The autumn publishing season has hardly begun yet, and in this first letter I can only tell you the names of a few novels. But, probably, at this season of holiday they will serve your purpose as well as anything.

One of the most charming collections of stories I have read for sometime is *The Sons o' Cormac*, by Aldis Dunbar (Longmans). They are intensely Irish, beautiful old-time legends, full of movement and poetry, and humour. Her ladyship will delight in them, and so will the children. *The Garden of Lies*, by Justus Miles Forman (Ward, Lock) is an excellent romance, something after the style of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which has often been imitated, but seldom so successfully as here. *Tussock Land*, by Arthur H. Adams, is from Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library. The scenes are laid in New Zealand and Australia, and the book is somewhat remarkable as a first essay in fiction. *The Yeoman*, by Charles Kennett Burrow (John Lane), will interest you. It has for its theme the love of the land and the vicissitudes of a land-holding family, and contains a well-written, if rather conventional, story. Mr. John Oxenham has gone ahead very fast during the few years he has been writing. His latest book, *A Weaver of Webs* (Methuen), is an excellent story, well in advance of anything he has yet done.

The list this week is a short one. As the books come in I shall hope to make it rather fuller.

I intend to tell you from time to time of any attractive issues of standard works such as you may like to add to your library. There are none to be mentioned this week, but I have looked through a few of those charming little pocket volumes upon which so much taste and intelligence are lavished nowadays by almost every publisher in the trade. I used to think that the publication of these little volumes was somewhat overdone, and I still fail to see the use of "waistcoat pocket" editions or "thumb nail" editions. But with such volumes as those, for instance, issued by Messrs. Newnes, Ltd., printed on India paper, and beautifully bound in leather, the case is different. I have before me *The Ingoldsby Legends* and *Landor's Shorter Works*, one of which is going into my pocket forthwith. This issue is slightly larger than the average pocket edition, but with others, especially those which come in such numbers from Mr. Dent and Messrs. Methuen & Co., a most attractive library might be built up where there is no room for the accumulation of larger books. I commend this idea to your notice for the *Coralie*. In a small bookcase, which you could fit into a spare corner of the cabin, you could keep a fairly complete little library of some hundreds of the best books ever written, and each of them would be a pleasure to handle. I must just mention in this connection Mr. Heinemann's surprisingly cheap issue of *The Plays of Shakespeare*. The print is excellent, the paper adequate, and the cloth binding attractive. Each play is prefaced by a stimulating introduction by Dr. George Brandes, each has a reproduction of a well-known picture, and the price is sixpence! Modern enterprise could go no further.

Believe me, my dear Squire,

Ever sincerely yours,

JASPER SPEKE.

# Gossip About Books and Their Makers

**Another Motor Novel**

The many readers who followed with entertainment the delightful adventures of Jack and Molly Winston, as set forth in "The Lightning Conductor," the first of our motor novels—I suppose the expression is as legitimate as "problem novels"—will be eager to meet again those friends of fiction in the new "romance of a motor," which Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson have just produced. This latest story from the joint pens of these literary motorists is entitled "The Princess Passes," and although not exactly a sequel to the previous novel it forms a welcome companion. With great cleverness the authors have succeeded in fusing romance and travel in a way that secures the attractions of both without undue surrender of either. During a recent tour on the Continent I noticed the English edition of "The Lightning Conductor" in many out-of-the-way towns, where curiously enterprising booksellers had furnished themselves with copies against the possible requirements of the ubiquitous English and American motorists. And perhaps I may be permitted to mention in this connection that it was a matter of agreeable surprise to me to find THE BYSTANDER on sale in many provincial French towns, where, in company with a certain well-known daily, it was the only English journal to be had.

*Photo by* *Russell*

**Mr. C. N. Williamson**

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's new novel, "The Princess Passes," has just been published

**A Literary Couple**

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson stand for the new order of things, as Mr. and Mrs. Macquoid, to whom I referred the other week, stand for the old. The latter spent many years in quiet wanderings, sketching, and note-taking, along French highways and byways; while the authors of "The Lightning Conductor" flit like restless spirits across the length and breadth of Europe. I am not sure that they will approve my simile, and certainly to meet Mr. and Mrs. Williamson in London is to receive no impression of restlessness from either, for they are very much at home in town or at Hampton. Mrs. Williamson, who is one of the most charming lady writers that I know, would never be mistaken for a dusty traveller of league long roads; like Lady Teazle, she can play her part in social London "with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass plot out of Grosvenor Square!" There is surely no literary couple who contrive to get so much interest out of life as they do: this week they may be staying at some old-fashioned town in France, next they have plunged into the heart of Spain; a few weeks hence you shall hear of them somewhere in Italy; and anon in Switzerland. The wonder is that, amid such changing scenes, they can still apply themselves to the labour of the pen. Yet during those tours Mrs. Williamson writes her popular newspaper serials, and her husband—who, being a trained engineer, is his own *chauffeur*—also finds time to pursue his literary work and to collaborate in writing novels with his wife. Mrs. Williamson is a bright American lady, with never a trace of Yankee speech, and in her earlier years was an actress; but, coming to England in 1893, she found a ready avenue to literary fame as a writer of fiction.

**Mistakes in Standard Works**

I notice that Messrs. Hutchinson are including in their admirable series of standard biographies—quite the best value ever offered to the public at one shilling—Captain Hamilton Maxwell's well-known life of Wellington. Some confusion may exist—indeed I know it does exist in quarters where one might expect an accurate knowledge of books—as to "Maxwell's Life of Wellington." Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., wrote in 1899 a full and excellent biography of the

"Iron Duke," but, of course, Captain Hamilton Maxwell was a contemporary of Wellington's, and served under him at Waterloo. He was also a countryman of the great soldier, and in his later years turned from the arts of war to the peaceful pursuits of a clergyman. Some little time ago I had occasion to consult six or seven different books about Lord Wellington, and I was struck by the inaccuracies concerning certain details of his early life which they all contained. No two of them agreed as to the circumstances of the Wesley estates, inherited by the Duke's grandfather from a kinsman of the famous divine, and it was amusing to observe the confusion arising from his father's having been created first Earl of Mornington, some biographers mistaking him for the second earl; Sir Herbert Maxwell, in a footnote, even falling into this error, though he had given the fact correctly in the main narrative. Southey, in his life of Wesley, tells the romantic story of the Wesley inheritance with considerable inaccuracy; and in the end I confess that I am at a loss to know how, or why, or when, the Duke's family name was changed from Wellesley to Wesley, or *vice versâ*, so incompatible are the statements of his different biographers.

**Mr. Edmund Downey**

In my note the other week on publishers as authors, I mentioned that the firm of Ward and Downey, founded by Mr. Edmund Downey, the author of many delightful Irish stories, had "not come to great things, though it had some prosperous times." Mr. Downey sends me a very pleasant note, pointing out that my remark may leave an impression of him as a publisher which he wishes to correct:

> The "prosperous times" to which, no doubt, you refer (he says) were the short period when I was associated with Mr. Osbert Ward and the years subsequently, when I had absolute control of the business carried on under his name and mine. During the whole of this period I was conspicuously successful as a publisher.

I readily give Mr. Downey's letter; but it really affirms what I intended to convey. Mr. Downey does not, of course, suggest that the business which he founded is still flourishing, and that was the reason for my reference to it.

*Photo by* *Russell*

**Mrs. C. N. Williamson**

"The Princess Passes," written by Mrs. Williamson, in collaboration with her husband, is a companion motor story to "The Lightning Conductor" by the same authors

**Those Poets!**

A Mr. Isidore Ascher has written an alarming letter to the Press. "Sometimes an appalling thought strikes me!" he said. "Is Poetry becoming an entirely lost art? Are those who constitute themselves critics of it becoming incapable? Is the poetic intellect growing atrophied with disuse?" No, my dear Mr. Ascher, there are valiant souls like thine struggling appallingly to prevent this awful disaster. Two of them have sent me their own poems, and one his portrait, also! "Perceiving that you occasionally admit 'people of interest' to your pages, I venture to submit my humble self for the honour," he says, with the true poet's modesty. "My performances are: 'Mabel Dean,' three vol. novel, 1869; 'Collected Poems,' 1893; 'Harvest Home,' 1902; besides about a thousand scattered verses." This worthy flourishes the name of "Vanguard," and one of his masterpieces is entitled, "The Egg of Blue." It is a caustic reply to some misguided scribbler of the ha'penny Press who said robins lay blue eggs! It begins in this fashion:

> Once on a time, in famous London town,
> There dwelt a sage of very great renown,
> Who for a paltry half'penny, forsooth,
> Engaged to teach us all and tell the truth,
> Which promise should be never known to fail,
> By trumpet's voiced—yclept the *Daily Mail*.

In justice to the *Daily Mail*, I would point out that our contemporary has never entered into any such engagement! My other poet assures us in his preface that he possesses letters from King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and many other celebrities "graciously accepting" his poems. Let me sample his muse:

> There was a cot embosomed
> Amidst the circling leaves;
> A little spot of flowers
> Where only nature weaves;
> Where jessamine and woodbine hung;
> And where the thrush and linnet sung.

After this I trust we shall hear less about poetry as a lost art. With ardent souls like these ready to pay for the publication of their works in excellent style—the first folio Shakespeare is a shocking little rag compared with "Vanguard's" well-printed book of four hundred pages—what have we to fear?

Jatt.

# GRAFTON HOUSE, NEWMARKET

## WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HORSES WILL PROBABLY BE TRAINED

**The back of Grafton House, showing the Training Quarters**

This famous establishment has now been acquired by Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke, Equerry to the King. For some time since rumour has averred that the Prince of Wales is going to take up horse-racing on a large scale, and will have his horses trained at Grafton House

*Photos by* *Sherborn*

**Grafton House, High Street, Newmarket**

Grafton House, the second house on the left of our illustration, is situated next door to the Duke of Devonshire's, and opposite Lady Stamford's. From the street it looks like a private residence, but what purports to be a large garden in the rear is the training quarters, with trainer's house, twenty-eight boxes, boys' quarters, and a way on to the Heath without passing through High Street

# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

**Golf the Leveller**

One of the finest characteristics of golf in Scotland is that it is played by all sorts and conditions of men, with absolutely no distinction of class. In Scotland, golf is emphatically a republican institution, in which the watchword of the French Republic, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," is carried out in letter and spirit. On the green in Scotland social distinctions are forgotten, and a man ranks there according to his golfing abilities. That this has a most beneficent effect all round hardly needs pointing out by my humble pen. The healthy rivalry engendered by a good game between two men who would otherwise not meet on terms of equality brings out the best qualities of both parties, and gives them a knowledge of each other's best characteristics such as they could probably gain in no other way. From time immemorial this mixing of all classes on the green, as well as on the ice in that other glorious Scottish sport, curling, has been the rule, and that it may long continue so must be the prayer of all those who wish well to their country.

**Artisan Clubs in Scotland**

At most of the great centres of golf in Scotland there are flourishing artisan clubs whose crack members can hold their own with the best players of the leading clubs. Their members are not professional golfers, but just skilled workers in the various trades of the district. You may see them during the summer evenings at St. Andrew's starting out in four-ball matches, and on Saturday afternoons waiting to get started alternately with the Royal and Ancient members, and if you wish to see really good and keen golf, follow one of their matches, and I can promise you that you will not be disappointed. At Edinburgh and Glasgow the respective municipalities have acquired golf courses, over which anyone may play on payment of an extremely small sum within the reach of the humblest. I believe that the Braids course is a source of profit to the Edinburgh municipality, and I venture to assert that it would pay any municipality to acquire waste ground within reasonable distance of a city, and turn it into a municipal golf course.

**English Clubs Please Copy**

Unhappily the spread of golf from Scotland to England has not carried in its train this distinctive and admirable feature of artisan golf, and, so far as I know, the Bournemouth municipality is the only one that has followed the Edinburgh example. Golf in England is, almost without exception, confined to clubs whose social status does not admit of the inclusion of artisan members, and only in a very few places have the artisans had sufficient initiative to start clubs of their own. At Ashdown Forest there is an excellent artisans' club, the Cantelupe Club, whose members have a yearly and most keenly-contested match with the Ashdown Forest Club, with excellent results for the members of both clubs, who are brought together in the same friendly and delightful fashion as in the days of old they were by village cricket. It would be a pity if the excellent example shown us at Ashdown Forest were not more widely imitated. I believe the same state of things prevails at Hoylake and at Westward Ho! but I cannot call to mind any other great golfing centre in England where the fine old Scottish tradition is carried on. Nearly all the courses are private, and on most of the commons where golf is played, the sole rights of golfing are held by one or two clubs, such as the London Scottish and Royal Wimbledon Golf Clubs, in the case of Wimbledon Common, and the Prince's Golf Club in that of Mitcham Common.

**Municipal Golf Courses**

I do most earnestly believe that some of our municipalities and county councils would do well to look into this matter, and examine whether it might not be possible to acquire land over which municipal golf courses might be laid out. I feel certain that some such scheme would pay the London County Council very well, and would redound to the health and strength of a large part of the community, who are only too ready to spend their spare time in a healthy game, but are debarred from doing so by lack of opportunity and inducement. Let the London County Council imitate the excellent example of the Edinburgh *Patres Conscripti*, and I will wager that their links will not suffer from want of players. I am astonished that municipal golf has not been more extensively tried in England. Municipalities have gone into so many wild-cat schemes of trading that it is time they turned their attention to a method which would not only bring profit to themselves, but healthy enjoyment to all classes of their constituents. Golf is a game that does not admit of loafing, and need never lead to betting. Therefore, I say, let us all in our respective spheres do all that we can to foster golf among the working classes, and call upon our municipalities to take the lead by starting municipal golf courses.

Ernest Lehmann

# "THE FIRST"

## OF YESTERDAY—AND TO-MORROW

**A Great Institution**

The shooting fraternity is no exception to the rule of mutability as years go on, and especially as regards partridges, it is certain that the prospect of heavy bags at a later period of the season, when driving is possible, outweighs in the balance the more immediate though less productive joys of an outing at the earliest possible moment. Still the First of September is in its way as great an institution as ever. The more magnificent lords of the soil may depute to their gamekeepers the task of securing a few brace of birds for the larder, while they themselves are engaged in more stirring operations north of the Tweed; but, on the other hand, the number of persons who have acquired rights over small shootings has perceptibly increased. These are the men who look forward to the opening of the partridge season with particular pleasure, and, considering that a means of healthy sport and recreation has thus been opened to a class that, under former conditions, had to stand aside, we welcome the change most heartily. Success to their efforts, however modest, say we.

**"Early Astir"**

The morning energy of the partridge shooter makes a better showing on paper than in fact. Rising in the small hours may be all very well in its way; and, doubtless, the advantage of "seeing the best part of the day" is advantageous from an æsthetic standpoint. But when applied to partridge shooting it does not pay; at the risk of being found guilty of advocating slothful habits, I should say that nothing is gained by beginning before ten o'clock, by which time the birds have settled down after wandering about the stubbles. Marksmanship, too, is sure to be much steadier throughout when no infraction has been made on one's usual habits. A man may shoot brilliantly enough in the early morning, but how about the afternoon? In a well-ordered shoot, the last two hours, before the birds once more emerge on to their feeding ground, ought to be the most prolific part of the day's work; and an unerring aim is not for the weary.

**Dogs**

The use of pointers and setters has, of course, become highly unfashionable nowadays, when big bags are everything. It is this laudable spirit of emulation that causes the resident squire to annex all the birds he can, lest they fall victims to the pertinacious, if indifferently directed, weapons of the neighbouring syndicate. The delights of shooting over dogs are, admittedly, immense; but, despite the well-meant attempts to restore the vogue, there are two cogent reasons against a general resumption of the practice. Modern agricultural methods have vastly reduced the amount of covert in the fields, while, though good dog-breakers indubitably do exist, gamekeepers who have the opportunity of thoroughly inculcating those principles, without which no pointer or setter is perfect, are not as plentiful as they were. As regards the shortage of covert, the question of using dogs is affected in that, unless constant recourse is had to their services, steadiness on the intermittent occasions when they are really wanted is almost beyond hope. No good day's partridge shooting is without its supreme moments, and excesses of enthusiasm on the part of Don and Juno are apt to be a little provoking.

Partridge Shooting: Dogs dropping to shot

DRAWN BY A. J. WALL

**Kite-Flying—A device adopted to keep birds down when they are wild**

Partridge Shooting: A double point

**Canine Comedies**

It is, perhaps, possible to combine a keen sense of humour with a genuine devotion to the sport (and this consummation can only occur in a guest—no host could manage it). At any rate, in the case of shortcomings in the kennel department, the malefactions of the dear, self-willed creatures, however distracting they may be at the time, are frequently recollected with some relish. When one shoots with a man who has broken his own pointer *secundum artem*, and the same animal can only be recalled from touring the country by a discharge of firearms, hopes of a record day appear to be vain. Should spaniel Dash, in a rare interval from acting too energetically up to his name, lie on his back in the midst of a field and decline to move from that not too graceful position, uncharitable thoughts may supervene. Nor is one's enjoyment supreme, when, on arriving at length at that root field in the valley, retriever Nero—wisely restrained on a leash—persists in vociferating his applause at the despatch of the first single bird that gets up. When, moreover, condign punishment is promptly administered, it only makes matters worse. Trying to the temper as such incidents may be, they are pleasing enough in reminiscence. It is only fair to say, though, that all past disappointments enhance the pleasure of watching the work of a really good shooting dog, and that the wildest customer may with care, and in due time, be regenerated.

**Due Caution**

Without enquiring how it has come about, a custom certainly prevails of treating the serious side of partridge shooting with something of contempt. Men whose experience is of the slightest are frequently invited for a day, though the chance of their being requested to join a party for the more important purpose of a pheasant battue would be remote. Though not wishing to minimise the perils of the coverts, we shall always maintain that partridge shooting requires even more care, if possible. It not seldom happens, be the coveys ever so teeming, that several fields have to be traversed where the chances of a shot are small. There are fences, too, to be negotiated, so that any precautionary relaxation is to be all the more deprecated. Then the beating of coverts is always carefully thought out, and more or less specially pre-arranged with regard to roads, footpaths, and the like; but the circuit of the fields is made fortuitously, so that, without an accurate knowledge of the lie of the land, temporary confusion easily results. For all these causes, the utmost circumspection should be enjoined, and the novice would be well advised to abstain from raising his gun at low birds, unless the vista before him be absolutely clear.

**The Outlook**

As to this year's prospects, they may be described as distinctly promising. Birds may not be quite so numerous as in the few years that immediately preceded the leanness of last season. Still, the weather has been favourable for the young broods, and what coveys there are are reported to be exceptionally strong. Covert will in most districts be hardly up to average growth, the grass having been burnt up by the heat of July, while roots, taken on the whole, are only fair to moderate. Should the happy auguries of the nesting season be realised, it is to be hoped that the pleasures of the sport will be accompanied by sentiments of gratitude to our good friends the farmers, without whose cordial assistance all that makes country life so agreeable would soon cease to exist.

R. G. J.

*Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.*

*The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.*

*Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.*

**More Dumping**

During the first four months of this year Belgium imported into this country, cars and car parts to the value of £90,000—Germany sent us £19,800 worth. We paid the United States of America £50,600, and Holland received £16,000, while France makes all the others look insignificant with a total of £561,500 for the same period. This last amount seems very big, and it looks as if either our manufacturers are allowing a large amount of business to go by them, or that the English public still has a marked preference for the French *voiture légère*.

**Still Forging Ahead**

But, in spite of foreign competition, the Wolseley Company have found it again necessary considerably to extend their premises at Adderley Park, and building operations have been commenced on ground facing the present works, where a large factory will be erected, covering 116,640 square feet. The first bay, which will be utilised as a repair shop, has been already completed, and work in it will start immediately. The shop measures 240ft. by 30ft., and is provided with two pits running the whole length of the building on either side. The latest pattern machine tools and all necessary appliances for dealing with this class of work in the most expeditious manner are provided. There will be a total of twelve shops, each bay being of 30ft. span, and giving a frontage facing the existing works of 360ft. These new works will be used mainly to develop the industrial side of the motor industry, and special plant will be installed for dealing with launch motors, public service vehicles, heavy tractors, lorries, etc., and other branches of engineering which the capacity of the present works does not permit of being undertaken in large quantities.

**Motor-Cycle Trials**

Out of the forty-five machines which competed in the Auto-Cycle Club's 1,000 miles reliability trials, only nineteen finished officially. Remembering, however, that the test has been the most severe one that motor-cycles have ever been put to, this result is distinctly good. During the run from Stamford to Scarborough, rain fell heavily, and the ignition on some machines suffered in consequence, while the roads in the Barnsley district were in a bad state, and fully tested the capacity of the machines to stand vibration. The feature of the Marlborough Hill climbing test was undoubtedly the fine performance of the J.A.P., while the Humber, Chase, Lagonda, and Ariel cycles also took the long ascent at a good pace. The last-named machine lost its silencer, but the rider, Hoffman, was equal to the emergency, converting a cigarette tin into a temporary exhaust box. The riders and machines to finish were: A. Van Altena, 3 h.-p. Altena; J. Crundall, 2¾ h.-p. Humber; H. Williamson, 3¼ h.-p. Rex; Clarke, 2 h.-p. Leader; J. Platt-Betts, 3 h.-p. Rover; A. E. Lowe, 3 h.-p. J.A.P.; F. W. Chase, 2¾ h.-p. Chase; R. M. Brice, 3½ h.-p. Brown; H. A. Palmer, 3½ h.-p. Alldays; T. S. Lock, 2½ h.-p. Alldays; J. C. C. Brodie, 2¾ h.-p. Noble; A. J. Reynolds, 2¾ h.-p. Bat; W. J. Milligan, 3 h.-p. Peerless; H. Harding, 3½ h.-p. Lagonda; T. Silver, 3 h.-p. Quadrant; W. King, 3½ h.-p. King; P. Lambert, 2¾ h.-p. Griffon; and J. Van Hooydonk, 3½ h.-p. Phœnix Trimo. The last was the only successful representative of that useful type of machine, the fore-car.

**Averaging Thirty Miles**

Mr. Mark Mayhew recently motored from Folkestone to London in a little over two hours. Admitting that he had a good excuse—a big fire at his mills being in progress—he was yet a little unwise in communicating his performance to the motor-car press. It may be remembered that about twelve months ago Mr. D. M. Weigal was called over the coals by the Automobile Club, both for driving at excessive speed on the Portsmouth road and for a kilometre trial in Lincolnshire. This gentleman has now reported Mr. Mayhew to the Club, and the sequel is awaited by motorists generally with much curiosity.

**Motor Herring Boats**

The motor-boat is so recent a development, and has played so conspicuous a part lately in the world of motoring, that I gladly give publicity to a somewhat remarkable appeal made to me by Mr. Cathcart Wason, the Member for Orkney and Shetland. It may be remembered that Mr. Wason was one of the leading spirits in the agitation for the control of motor traffic which culminated in the registration and numbering of all motor vehicles. By a strange turn of fortune, Mr. Wason now craves a boon, or rather suggests an opportunity for development to an industry on the members of which he has been in the past not a little severe. His case is stated simply. The herring industry on the Northern shores of Great Britain is in danger of extinction, owing to the prevalence of large steam drifters. Not only small local fisherman, but even the owners of well-fitted herring boats costing over a £1,000, suffer from this competition. If these herring boats were fitted with small motor-engines they would be able to reach shore in a calm and discharge their haul on the spot. Many instances of the injury caused by delay have been brought to Mr. Wason's notice. He cites the case of a man who landed a haul of 90 crans (750 herrings is the average to a cran), which he was forced to sell nine evenings later at 3s. 6d. a cran. Had he possessed a small motor-engine, giving his boat a speed of three miles an hour, he could have been in a few hours after the haul to dispose of it at 14s. a cran. Through the medium of these pages offers are invited from motor manufacturers to supply motor-engines for herring boats. For further particulars, see page vii.

**Gaston Menier Cup**

The motor-boat race for this cup, which Mr. S. F. Edge won last year, took place on August 21, over a three-mile course, off Trouville. There were seventeen entries, but only four starters, and one of these, *La Rappee*, did not finish. The Hotchkiss boat, steered by M Henri Fournier, won easily by about three-quarters of a mile, completing the course in 8 mins. 27 secs. *Trèfle-a-Quatre*, handled by M. Théry, finished second in 9 mins. 40 secs.; while Mr. Edge, who steered *Napier II.*, took 10 mins. 11 secs., the bad time of the English boat being due to the stopping of the port engine at the commencement of the race; the winner's speed works out at 24½ miles per hour. France has done well this year—she won the Gordon Bennett, secured the first two places in the Circuit Ardennes, took the International Cup at Cowes (on a protest), was first in the Cross-Channel Race, and now rounds off her series of victories by getting this cup back again, a record which other nations will find it hard to beat.

*Photo by* *Foulsham and Banfield*

**Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Arthur Bourchier) in her motor-car with her little daughter, Prudence**

Miss Vanbrugh, who has motored a great deal during the holidays, opened her season with Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick Theatre, in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Chevaleer"

*NOTICE TO MOTORISTS*

*Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.*

*The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.*

# THE CHASE OF THE RED DEER

## THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS GET TO WORK

**To the West Country**

Though at this season the world of rank and fashion is popularly supposed to concentrate its energies on the pursuit of the grouse in northern latitudes, a very large section of sporting holiday makers and leisured people make an annual pilgrimage in quite a contrary direction. These are mostly to be seen at Paddington, taking tickets for Minehead, Dulverton, or half a score of other centres whence the fixtures of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds are to be conveniently reached. In *personnel* this band of pilgrims does not vary much; for once one has caught the enthusiasm for the sport one seldom misses an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with it. Its great advantage is, of course, that, unlike the best part of the fox-hunting season, the busiest and most fashionable period when the Devon and Somerset Staghounds pursue the stag coincides with the vacation of professional men.

Lost among the Heather

**The Field**

Also, seeing that no other pack of hounds is in the field at the time, the earlier weeks of the season on Exmoor are celebrated for bringing down to the West Country a host of notabilities of the sporting world. To hunting ladies, especially, staghunting presents powerful attractions; the picturesque scenery, in which respect the country is second to none of the most vaunted spots within the bounds of Great Britain, is no doubt largely responsible for this happy state of things. But in another respect the chase of the red deer is peculiarly adapted to the fair sex. If hard riding be desired, there is ample scope for the best of nerve and skill in equitation when hounds run hard

Some of the Field on Dunkery Hill

over the Forest, as the most open part of the vast moorlands is termed. Yet, if taking a mild part in the day's proceedings be preferred, one can amble along in the train of a trusty pilot who knows the country thoroughly (and there are plenty of such good-natured individuals), and who can make a practical certainty of conducting his party at a minimum of risk and exertion to the end of any run, be it in the woodland fastnesses of Haddon and the Barle coverts, or one of those that, having its inception at Brendon Two Gates, culminates in a kill at Porlock Weir or the Horner Water many miles away.

### The Staff

As to the vital importance of having thoroughly efficient officials to cope with the difficulties which accompany the chase of an Exmoor stag there can be no doubt; and it is equally certain that at no time in the history of the famous Hunt has every component member of its staff displayed such conspicuous ability as is now to be found in Mr. Sanders' establishment. Mr. Sanders himself, when he took over the pack nine years ago, was already a staghunter of some experience; his knowledge of staghunting is now quite exceptional, while, when called upon so to do, he hunts the pack with great success. Sidney Tucker, the professional huntsman, is not only a brilliant horseman, but uses his brains and his marvellous eye to the best advantage; while, like his superiors, the whipper-in is well qualified for his post by many seasons' training. But, however skilful the hunt servants may be, little sport could be obtained without a really good harbourer, whose duty it is to locate for every day on which the hounds take the field, a stag of suitable age. Fred Goss, the present and very able functionary, was appointed when he was quite a young man, but even on first season was found to be most capable. With matured judgment, and faculties still more sharpened by their regular exercise, it would be impossible to improve on the way in which he plies his unique calling.

The Master, Mr. R. A. Sanders, and Fred Goss, the Harbourer

### The Hounds

Since the great desideratum in the Exmoor staghound is commanding stature, so as to cope with the long heather with which the country abounds, attempts to breed the pack at home have long since been abandoned. Reliance is therefore placed in securing, year by year, such young hounds as are too big to be entered to fox-hunting, and consequently it is by no means rare to find, on the benches of the Devon and Somerset Kennels, hounds, who in breeding and symmetry leave nothing to be desired, but whose only fault was that of excessive inches. How severe is the work of the staghound may easily be understood when it is stated that the pack is often out for twelve hours, though it may sometimes happen that a considerable portion of the day has been spent in confinement at some farm or other premises, while the trusty tufters, generally four couple or so, are engaged in the task of singling out a runnable deer in covert. Thus, particular care has to be taken as regards kennel management, and hounds of delicate constitution are seldom kept for more than one season, if even so long as that.

L. J. B.

On the Summit of Dunkery Hill

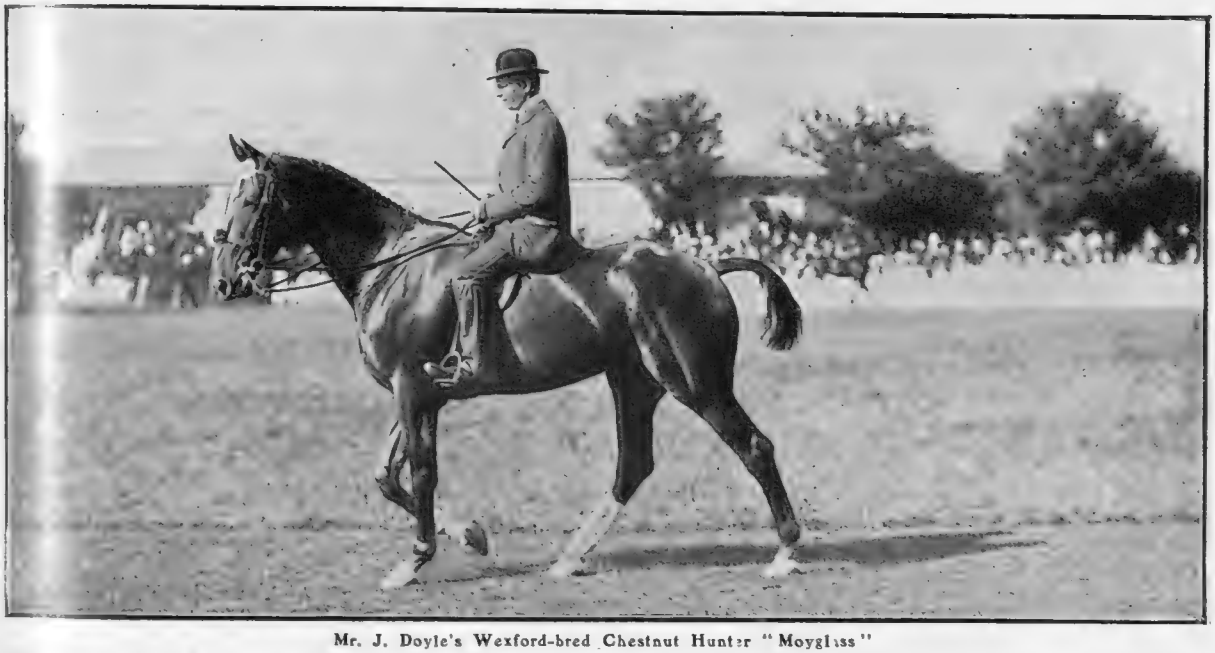
# At the Dublin Horse Show

Viscount Castlerosse showing his hunter "Rufus"

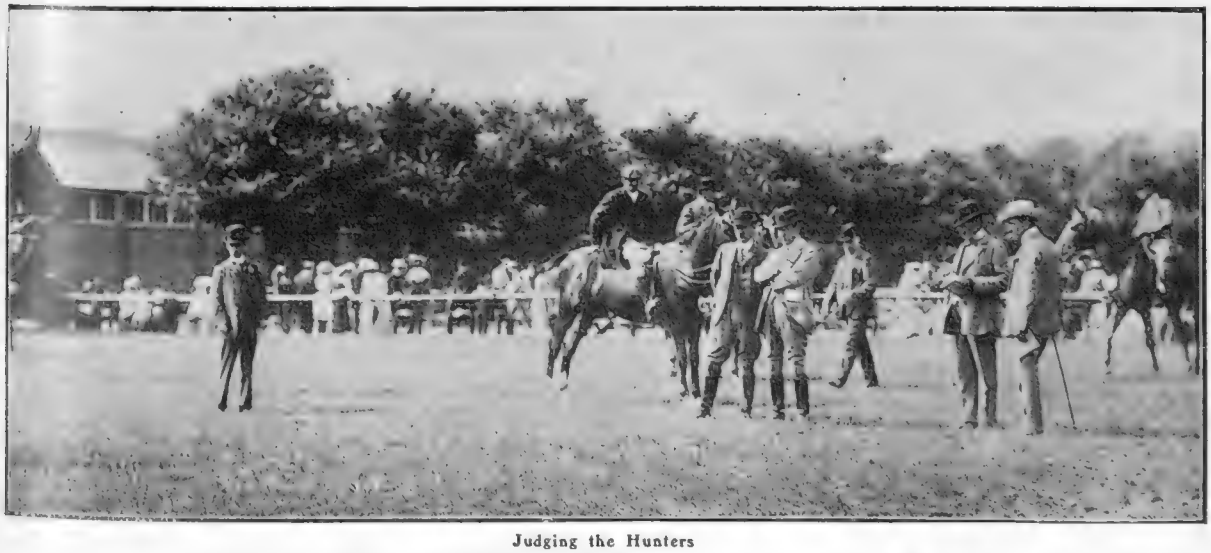
The Earl of Orkney, one of the judges, galloping a hunter in the ring

The Centre of Interest for Sporting Irishmen: The Hunters' Stalls in Central Hall

**Miss E. S. Ross's Tandem**
First Prize in Tandem Class 28



**Mr. J. Doyle's Wexford-bred Chestnut Hunter "Moyglass"**
"Moyglass" carried off no less than three events—the Hunter's Cup, the Coote Challenge Cup, and the First Prize for height carrying hunters



**Judging the Hunters**
The Earl of Orkney and the Hon. A. C. Parker are seen in the middle of the ring

# RACING: THE GREAT EBOR HANDICAP AT YORK

**War Wolf, the Winner**

War Wolf was bred by his owner, Mr. J. C. Sullivan, his sire being Wolf's Crag and his dam Annora. He put up a splendid race at York (W. Higgs up), and won a well-deserved victory by half a length. Starting price, 9 to 2

**The Members' Enclosure and Grand Stand at York**

Although the Great Ebor Handicap is still popular among Northern sportsmen, like many other long-established races, it loses caste more and more each year, and it is on record that the betting this year was particularly slack

# The Light Side of Marlow Regatta

**Winning the Football Race**

In this event competitors, while racing, had to propel a football with the canoe paddle. Mr. Ll. Shone won by half a length.

# Foot-Ball Racing in Canoes

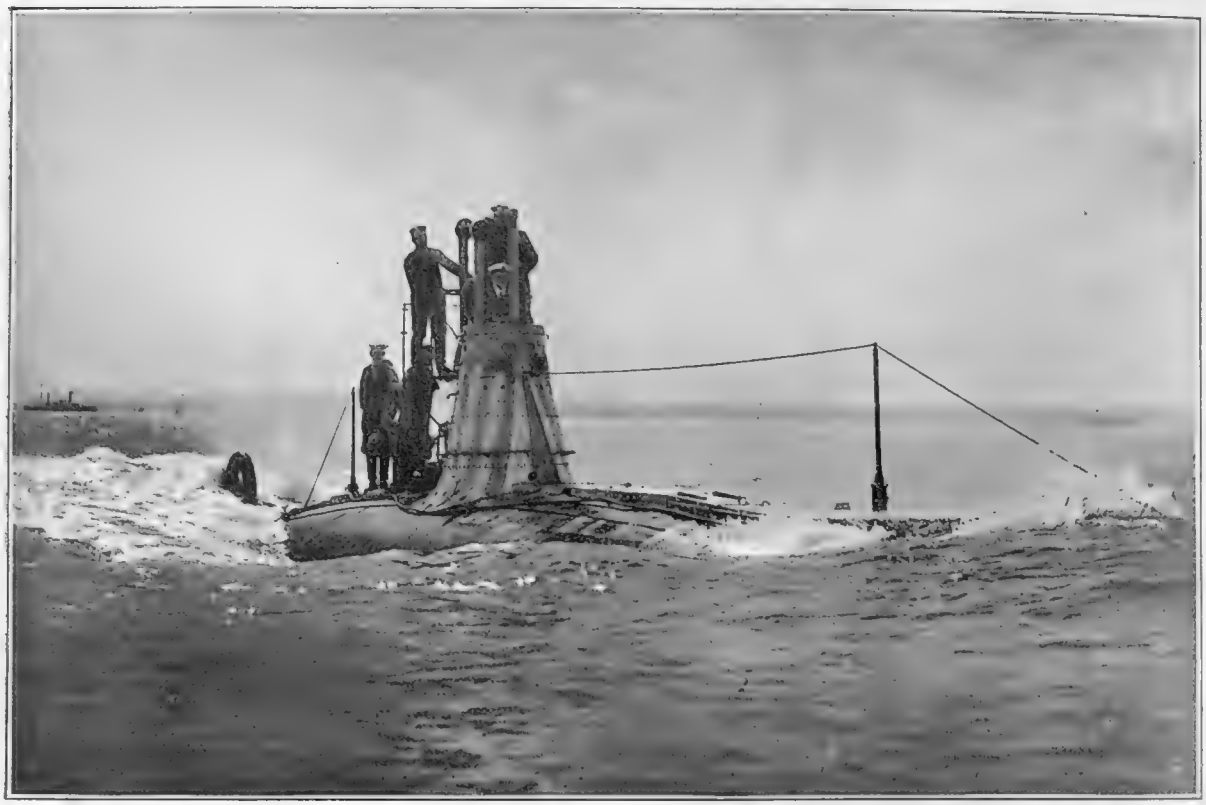
**The Push-Ball Tournament in Canoes**

Four canoes aside contested for twenty minutes, which was a period of huge enjoyment for both spectators and participants in the game. In that short time nearly all the players were at some time immersed

**The Dongola Plate**

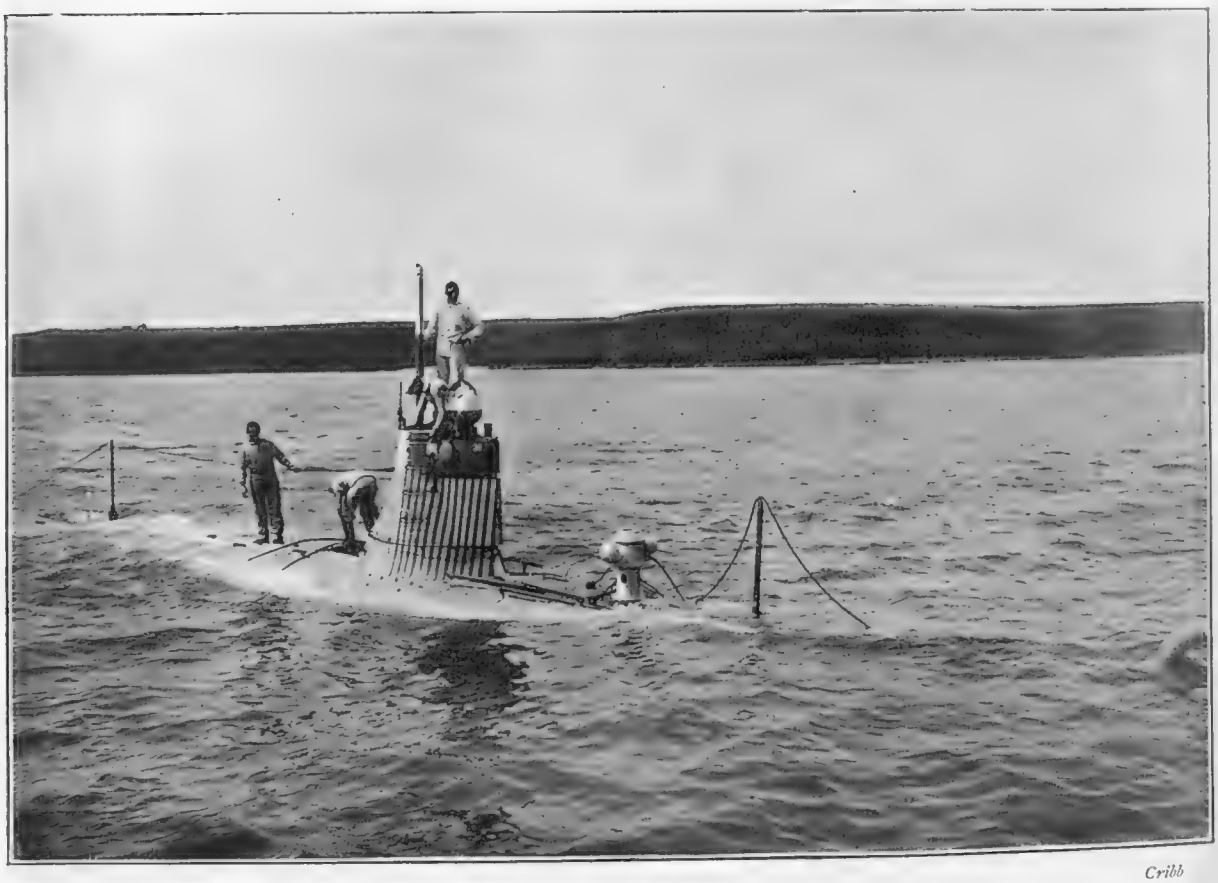
In this race the punt had to be paddled with dinner plates by its hard-working crew. Mr. B. S. Taylor's crew were successful in one of the funniest races of the day by two lengths

# AT SEA WITH THE SUBMARINE



**The largest Submarine yet built: The new A 5, recently launched**

The A 5 is sister ship to the ill-fated A 1, which was run down in the Solent some months ago. She is 100ft. long, and when our photograph was taken was doing 11½ knots an hour



*Photos by* *Cribb*

**Submarine A 6 almost submerged: Stern view, showing the turret and exhaust pipe**

Although the submarine is advanced beyond the experimental toy stage, its effect at present is greater on the *morale* of a fleet than on the ships themselves. However, the Admiralty is still giving the submarine a thorough trial, and the latest addition to the fleet is illustrated above

# "WHY PAY A GARDENER?"

By M. E. POTTER

"A gardener!" and Mr. Brag laughed derisively. "I would rather pay for a china dog to sit on the lawn! No; I will do the gardening myself. It shall have my whole attention this afternoon." He was putting on his oldest boots. "If you want a thing well done, you know——"

His wife sighed.

"Then I suppose I must go alone," she said.

"Go! Go where? I thought you might help me cotton the seeds."

Molly raised her eyebrows. She gazed out thoughtfully across the window-sill.

She saw a tangled head of weeds sweeping luxuriantly over the garden's whole face.

Over the fence she could see No. 17's peas had reached an age when they could not get along without the use of sticks.

"What are you going to set?" she asked, in a tone, he thought, that suggested, whatever he did to the garden, she would have plenty of cold water to throw on it.

"Oh, of course, we're too late for peas and things, so I bought some lettuce seed to begin with," and he placed a small packet on the table.

Molly finished lacing her cycling shoes.

"I'm so sorry," she said regretfully, as she rose to go upstairs, "I promised to go and tell mother whether we found the new house damp."

. . . . . .

Mr. Brag knew as much about gardening as his wife thought he did—and a hundredth part of what he thought he did himself.

He enjoyed the first half-hour, digging so energetically as to excite a tramp, who had once borne the courtesy title of gardener, into starting a rumour of buried treasure in the neighbourhood.

At a quarter to three exactly, a ticket for the county cricket match burnt its way through his pocket. He cut it in two, viciously, with his spade, which he dropped just after as if it had done something to vex him, and went to tell his neighbour, Mr. Hall, who was leaning his chin on the fence, precisely how much one paid the average gardener per dig.

He also told Mr. Hall—not in so many words, of course, still in so very many other words—what he didn't know about gardening nobody else did, a statement which would have carried more weight if spoken out of hearing of the ground upon which he stood

Mr. Hall was not an attentive listener. It seemed he and his wife were off to the match—that is, if she decided in time which of two hats she should wear.

"You should come with us," suggested Mr. Hall.

Mr. Brag tried to look as if he didn't want to go, he had said he would garden, and the head of a household must never make a move which exposes a vacillating mind. He raised up, prospectively, a bed of lettuce worthy to illustrate a seed catalogue, so that, if the cricketers entered his mind, they must do so as pigmies, beneath the shade of spreading lettuce leaves.

Everyone, he said, enjoyed his holiday in his own way. Give him a garden! He supposed everyone liked doing what he knew he could do well. He liked work—in fact, there were not many things that he didn't like doing.

Mr. Hall wished him a pleasant afternoon—and advised he should get one of the farmers to lend him a plough.

He decided—with a contemptuous smile for the frivolity of his age, suggested by the slam of the next-door gate—he would dig the whole of the garden before he began the setting. So, when a quarter of it was done, he went to the house for the seed.

He entered the back way, and, happening to catch sight of a small packet on the kitchen table, felt sorry for all men whose wives had the bump of interference so obviously developed.

As he knelt on the ground there came to him, from the direction of the cricket ground, the hoarse cheering of a pleasure-loving multitude. It came as comes the first whiff of the ocean—as magnetically. After all, it was rather selfish to let Molly go out alone. He wished——

But it was really too bad of her not to come back in time to help him with the cotton. It was just the same when they were removing, he remembered!

And Molly came home just as he re-entered the house in search of a chair, in which to rest a very stiff back. He was feeling extremely weary, but more self-satisfied than usual—which, of course, was not to be wondered at.

"Perhaps you'll find this little bag useful," he observed—there was no waste in the Brag household.

Molly held out her hand for it languidly—she was actually pretending to be tired after an afternoon's laziness!

Mr. Brag stood at the window. He was annoyed at the meagreness of Molly's interest in the garden, considering how much she gave to her neighbour's—the little bag seemed to hold it all!

"The Halls went to the match," he remarked. "They wished me to join them, but, having put my hand to the spade I declined. I'm not one of those people who do things by halves, and then are surprised when the halves tumble into quarters! *My* afternoon has not been wasted. He nodded towards the garden, which looked, in the dusk, like a piece of waste land. "My dear girl," he asked, with a little superior smile, "Why pay a gardener?"

"Because," said Molly, quietly, as she knelt down and carefully filled the bag with bits of earth off the carpet, "you seem to have spent your afternoon setting the caraway seeds!"

# The Connoisseur.

## Colonial Furniture

At the first glance the Colonial furniture, as that in use in America during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is called, appears to be of the same character as that employed in England during the same period. But a closer inquiry shows that, while an immense amount of furniture was imported from England, there also grew up in a modest way a certain style that may be considered indigenous in character. A volume of quite exceptional interest on this subject will be found in "Colonial Furniture in America" (Batsford), by Mr. L. V. Lockwood. This historical and descriptive handbook is particularly valuable on account of the excellent photographs of actual pieces with which it is fully illustrated; for example, the chapter on chairs shows no less than ninety-eight photographs of specimens still preserved, and that on chests of drawers some thirty-seven admirable examples, and so on, from sideboards to clocks. These many pieces are mainly of old English or Dutch make, and are all dealt with by

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The Bystander, August 31, 1904

THE
# BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

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**ON THE SOUTH SLOPE OF A HILL,** about 500 ft. above sea, commanding extensive views and under 3 miles from a station, in a favourite part of Hampshire. To be LET, Unfurnished, a delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, close to church, village, and postal telegraph office, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, butler's pantry, servants' hall, etc. Good stabling, coach-house, and cottage. Well-timbered garden, tennis court, pleasure grounds, and paddocks. Abundant water supply and modern drainage.—Inspected and recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

TO ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

**HANTS (near Liphook).**—For SALE, or might be LET, a delightful old Freehold Elizabethan FARMHOUSE, which has been modernised and improved by the occupier (a well-known artist), who has exercised great care in retaining all the fine old oak-work and other attractive features. There are 7 bed, 2 large reception rooms, spacious hall 20ft. by 15ft., with fireplace; capital offices; stabling and numerous outbuildings, including a perfectly-equipped studio 54ft. 4in. by 27ft.; fine old-world gardens and grounds of from 4 to 35 acres, as desired.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

A PERFECTLY UNIQUE RESIDENCE
31 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

**TO BE SOLD AT A SACRIFICE.**—A picturesque creeper-clad RESIDENCE, with 12 acres, about 2 miles from Weybridge, and forming an ideal home for a city man. Money has within the last few years been lavished on the property to provide luxuries right out of the common. The Residence is in splendid order, electric light is installed, while the sanitary fittings are simply perfection. Accommodation comprises: square hall, quaint Dutch snuggery, drawing room in Adams' style, oak-panelled dining room, divan; 10 bedrooms, 2 model bathrooms, servants' hall, and very good offices; stabling for 4; several cottages; perfectly lovely old gardens; croquet, tennis; chestnut drive; miniature golf course; capital kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, orchard, outbuildings, and park land. Very strongly recommended.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

ROCK-SAND SUBSOIL.
NEARLY 400ft. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
SOUTH ASPECT.

**SUSSEX.**—For SALE, a medium-sized FREEHOLD PROPERTY, comprising a capital RESIDENCE, occupying a unique position, under a mile from station, church, and postal telegraph office. The accommodation comprises: 7 bedrooms and a dressing room, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good kitchen and offices. The outbuildings consist of coach-house, stabling, small farmery, and 2 cottages. Delightful inexpensive gardens and well-timbered meadow land of about 15 acres.—Full particulars of the Sole Agents, OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

**WANTED** immediately in the Berkeley, V.W.H., or the Duke's country, a small HUNTING BOX to RENT, Unfurnished: 3 sitting rooms and about 8 bedrooms. South aspect preferred. Rent from £90 to £120 per annum.—Mrs. W., 17, King Street, St. James's Street S.W.

Offices: 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

**"MILTON HALL," CAMBRIDGE,** about 5 miles from the University, and within 80 minutes of town. A delightful Freehold ESTATE of 73 acres with

the above substantially built RESIDENCE, fitted throughout with electric light and telephone. 3 reception, billiard, and 10 bed and dressing rooms. Stabling. 2 lodges, farmery, 3 cottages, etc. Beautifully-timbered pleasure grounds, lake with boathouse, walled kitchen garden, and greenhouse. Good sporting and social district. The above not being sold at the recent auction may now be treated for privately. — Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,575)

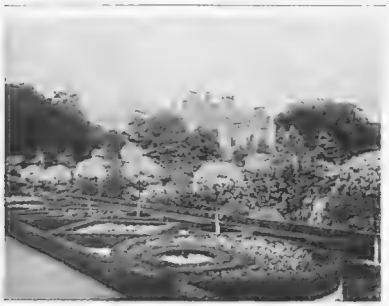
**HERTS** (10 minutes from a station, under an hour of town).—To be SOLD, a PICTURESQUE GABLED RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully-timbered grounds and parklike lands of over 12 acres. The house, which is approached by 2 carriage drives, with lodge entrances, contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc. Gas and water laid on. Gravel soil. Stabling for 4; conservatory; farmery; 2 cottages. Would be let Unfurnished.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,205)

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY PLACE IN SUSSEX.

**£2,500** for a Charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 20 acres, with a well-built House ready for immediate occupation. Beautiful views. 3 reception and 5 bedrooms, bath, etc. Stabling and farmery. Lawns, gardens, and excellent pasture. Would be sold with less land. Specially recommended.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,626)

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER THE WYE VALLEY.

**HEREFORDSHIRE.**—To be SOLD, a COUNTRY PROPERTY, in a picturesque district, 300ft. above sea level. House containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; farmhouse and buildings; 2 cottages. 19 acres, beautifully timbered and including pasture, orchards, and pleasure grounds. Bracing district. Station, 1½ miles. Price, £2,000 (below cost). — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,500)



WITHIN EASY REACH OF SEA. TWO HOURS OF TOWN. PARK OF 150 ACRES.

**TO BE LET,** Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.— Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 583)

EASTERN COUNTIES.

**SHOOTING,** over 11,000 acres, to LET. 6,000 pheasants, 1,000 brace partridges, plenty of duck and woodcock; small House.

ONE AND A QUARTER HOURS OF TOWN.

**SHOOTING,** over 8,000 acres, to LET. 4,000 pheasants, 500 brace partridges. — Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

THE LARGE AUCTION GALLERY.

**AUCTION GALLERIES.**—The attention of Trustees, Executors, Solicitors, and Owners desirous of selling Family Jewels and Plate, Pictures, Prints, Lace, Furniture, and Valuables is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily throughout the year for receipt of property intended for prompt public Sale.

SALES

on owners' premises in all parts of the kingdom arranged at shortest notice.

Near SEVENOAKS, close to Village, with Church, Post Office, etc., one mile from Station.

**TO BE SOLD,** Freehold, a picturesque RESIDENCE, in perfect order, occupying a choice position with South aspect. Hall, 2 reception rooms (25ft. by 15ft.), 5 bedrooms, bath, etc. Good drainage, Company's water. Stabling, cottage. Pretty grounds of 4 acres (more available), beautiful pine woods close by. Golf links near. Price, £2,600.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,213)

BURNHAM BEECHES.

STANDING HIGH ON GRAVEL SOIL.

**TO BE SOLD,** Freehold, with charming old grounds, lawns, and rhododendron and other walks, to the extent of 30 acres, fine COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath, etc., stabling and farmery. Lovely views. Healthy and favourite residential district. Price, £8,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,032)

STOKE POGES. BURNHAM BEECHES.

**CLOSE** to Great Western Motor Service. Nicely-timbered FREEHOLD LAND for Investment or occupation.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

83 ACRES. ENTRANCE LODGES. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE. STABLING FOR 9. FARMERY.

**SURREY** (under one hour from the City; station two miles).—To be SOLD, the above old-fashioned creeper and ivy-clad RESIDENCE (3 reception and 8 bed and dressing rooms), standing 280ft. above sea level, in beautifully laid-out pleasure grounds of several acres, and heavily-timbered park land, orchards and woodland, extending to 83 acres; farmery, entrance lodges, stabling for 9; private golf course. Excellent hunting, shooting, and fishing in the district.—Price and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property. (1,415)

**TO BE SOLD** at a very low figure, an Agricultural ESTATE of 435 acres, in a pretty part of Oxfordshire. Bailiff's house and cottage. Farm-buildings in good order. Excellent mixed shooting, 100 acres cover, and well-stocked rabbit warren. No residence, but the land can be bought so cheaply that it would pay to build one, or an adjoining property with a good house could be acquired.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,630)

**SURREY.**—To be LET, a modern COUNTRY MANSION, containing: 4 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, swimming bath, etc. Ornamental lodge, beautiful grounds of about 7 acres, planted with choice shrubs. Stabling. Electric light. Hunting, shooting, and fishing. Rent, £350 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,595)

BUNGALOW RESIDENCE, NEAR HAYWARD'S HEATH, SUSSEX.

**£2,500** for a charming Bijou ESTATE, of about 8 acres, with a RESIDENCE, containing: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, etc., and approached by a carriage drive winding through the beautifully-timbered grounds. South slope. Charming glen, with pond and island. Extensive views. Very secluded.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,599)

OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE SEVERN.

3½ HOURS OF LONDON.

**FOR SALE,** owing to special circumstances, at a fraction of cost, this magnificent RESIDENCE, in a most charming and healthy position, and commanding lovely and extensive views; 6 reception, billiard, 18 bed and dressing rooms. Gas and water laid on. Stabling for 7. Cottage. Inexpensive grounds of 2½ acres, but extra land up to 63 acres could be arranged for. Anchorage for yachts. Shooting. Hunting with 3 packs.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,719)

On High Ground, AMIDST THE PINES. In the LOVELY HINDHEAD DISTRICT.

**TO BE SOLD,** a creeper-clad, old-fashioned, gabled RESIDENCE, situate in charming grounds of 9½ acres: 3 spacious reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling. Close to golf links. Village about a mile. Price, £3,700. —Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,618)

GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

**TO BE LET OR SOLD.**—Picturesque RESIDENCE in a fine position, commanding good views and approached by a long avenue carriage drive: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, boudoir, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; well-matured and tastefully laid-out pleasure gardens, avenue of chestnuts, tennis lawn; 18 acres in all. Rent, £255 per annum.—Price on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,605)

450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. NEAR WARLINGHAM, SURREY.

**FOR SALE,** below cost, this picturesque RESIDENCE, with beautifully laid-out grounds of 3 acres, including tennis lawn; billiard and 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, and 2 bathrooms. Close to golf links.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,560)

12 BEDROOMS, BILLIARD ROOM, LODGE, AND COTTAGE

**KENT (Hawkhurst district),** 1¾ hours from town.—To be LET, or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, in a beautiful position on high ground: 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, billiard room. Gas and water. Stabling. 13 acres of lovely grounds. Rent, £180 per annum. Price on application.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,598)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

# KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

# MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

**HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.**—£1,950 will purchase a charming BIJOU RESIDENCE and 3 acres in the beautiful Liphook and Hindhead district, 2 miles from station: 5 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, old-fashioned chimney corner, oak beams, large hall, stabling, gardens, and meadow (more land if required); fine views over a lovely country.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (19,635)

**KENT** (Edenbridge, under 1 hour from London, close to S.E. Railway station, 1 mile from Brighton line).—A compact BIJOU RESIDENTIAL ESTATE for SALE, of about 24 acres, with excellent Residence; grounds and a small well-timbered park in 3 enclosures; stabling for 4, coach-house, small farmery, and 2 cottages; picturesque matured grounds and garden, superb views; bounded on 3 sides by important roads.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

**£1,600** for a charming old-fashioned, medium-sized COUNTRY HOUSE, 4 miles from Cambridge, ½ mile from a station; pretty grounds, with fine old trees, lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, and small paddock; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall, and offices; stabling for 2 horses; greenhouse and outbuildings; gravel soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,752)

**DOVER AND DEAL** (between).—Price £2,500 for a charming old-fashioned Bijou HOUSE, with unusually attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and stabling for 2 horses; 5 minutes' walk from station; 10 minutes rail of Dover. Or would be LET Unfurnished. Rent £120. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,690)

UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

**700 FEET ABOVE SEA** (on the Kent and Surrey borders).—Price, £5,000 for the above interesting and genuine old Jacobean MANOR HOUSE and 14 acres, with stabling, cottage, pretty grounds, kitchen garden, orchard and meadow; grand views.—Full details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,704)

**BETWEEN LONDON AND SOUTH COAST.**—100 acres of grass and woodland and a charming modernised, moderate-sized RESIDENCE to be SOLD. Fine views, dry soil, modern drainage; electric light. Stabling, good farmhouse and outbuildings; inexpensive pleasure grounds and kitchen garden; good hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,031)

**KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.**—The above genuine old Jacobean HOUSE, with 250 acres of first-class land (nearly all pasture), bounded by a river and in a lovely district, a mile from station. Price, £15,000 only. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,802)

**DORCHESTER.**—To be SOLD, price £3,000, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, within a mile of the town and station, occupying high situation, south aspect, good views, carriage drive approach; 7 bed and dressing rooms, large bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, usual offices. Lawns, shrubbery, productive kitchen garden, glasshouses; gas and water laid on; excellent residential and hunting district.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,773)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE QUORN HUNT.

**9 MILES FROM LEICESTER,** 6 miles from Melton Mowbray, and close to Brooksby station on the Midland line between Peterborough and Syston.

ANNOUNCEMENT of SALE of the very valuable Freehold Residential and Manorial Property, known as "BROOKSBY HALL," and comprising an area of upwards of 838 acres. It includes the historical mansion house, delightfully seated in extensive and well-arranged pleasure grounds, surrounded by a grandly-timbered park, and containing 5 spacious reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and most commodious offices, stabling for 17 horses, small home farmstead with bailiff's house, and all the appurtenances of a first-class county seat. The agricultural portion of the estate comprises some of the best and most productive land in the Midlands, and is divided into 4 first-class farms, and numerous accommodation holdings. The advowson and next perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of St. Michaels, Brooksby, is included in the sale.

**MESSRS. WALTON and LEE** will offer the above for SALE by Auction at the "BELL HOTEL," Leicester, on Saturday, October 15th, 1904, at 2 o'clock precisely, first as a whole, and if not so sold then in 7 lots (unless an acceptable offer be made meanwhile privately).—Particulars of A. W. VAISEY, Esq., Solicitor, Tring, and Devereux Chambers, Temple, London, W.C.; Messrs. BROWN and FOULKES, Land Agents, Tring; or of the AUCTIONEERS, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

**BRENTWOOD and CHELMSFORD** (between), near a station 45 minutes from the City.—£1,450 will purchase a very desirable HOUSE, standing high, with pretty views, and containing: 4 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), drawing and dining rooms, study and offices; capital garden of about ½ an acre, tastefully laid out, lawns, etc.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,781)

**HERTFORDSHIRE** (3½ miles from station).—To be SOLD, a very choice ESTATE of some 800 acres, with the above handsome Mansion, in beautiful grounds and park. The Residence contains: suite of spacious reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, etc.; ample stabling, good cottages. The land is all let, and the property lies compactly together.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,940)

**TO YACHTSMAN.**—Magnificently situated on the Hamble, near Southampton, private anchorage for 200-ton yacht. Picturesque RESIDENCE for SALE; perfect order; 14 bed, 2 bathrooms, large reception; unusually well-wooded grounds, lawns, glasshouses, meadows, cottages, private boathouse, stabling, etc.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,316)

**IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.**—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

**OXSHOTT and COBHAM** (surrounded by Fairmile Common and Claremont Woods; one of the choicest situations within three-quarters of an hour of town).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, charming RESIDENCE, in absolutely secluded and delightfully-timbered grounds of 3 acres; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling, entrance lodge; modern drainage, water laid on, gravel soil; a mile from station.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,584)

**PYTCHLEY HUNT** (in the best part), near main line station, about 2 hours from London.—Compact RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY for SALE of about 14 acres, including an old-fashioned HOUSE of moderate size: capital stabling, pleasure grounds, several enclosures of rich meadow land; near church, post and telegraph. Price £4,500.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,878)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.

**10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL** Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cottages, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

**OLD BERKELEY COUNTRY** (300-acre Residential Estate, with frontage to a river affording capital fishing).—To be SOLD or LET, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE of medium size, with charming surroundings, very accessible from town and in a first-rate social district. The house has been re-modelled and appointed. The estate is compact and self-contained, and includes stabling, farmery, and cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,651)

**REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP** Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive moderate-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; all pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession; price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,394)

**SYMONDS YAT.**—Beautifully-situated BUNGALOW RESIDENCE for SALE, with several acres, standing well above the River Wye; pretty gardens and capital orchard. Shooting, hunting, boating, and golf in the neighbourhood. Grand scenery and very pretty situation. Near church, station, and post.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,329)

**FINE MODERN ELIZABETHAN MANSION IN HERTS.**—To be LET on Lease. It stands high, in a favourite part of the county, whence the City is easily accessible in less than an hour. 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 17 bed and dressing, and bathrooms. Excellent stabling. Handsome grounds and well-timbered park-like land adjoining.—Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,694)

# MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. } IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

# CHANCELLOR & SONS

## AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS, LAND, HOUSE, AND ESTATE AGENTS,

ASCOT, BERKS. SUNNINGDALE, BERKS. 51, PALL MALL, S.W., & RICHMOND, SURREY

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

14 Bedrooms, Dressing Rooms, 2 Bathrooms, 7 Reception Rooms, Conservatory, Stabling for 7 Horses, and Grounds to River.

**RICHMOND.**—A very beautiful RESIDENCE, erected in best period of the Georgian age of architecture and in the most substantial manner. With its Grounds sloping to the Banks of the River on both sides of the Thames, commanding within its purview, Petersham Meadows and Woods, Richmond Park, and the beautiful Gardens and Terrace on Richmond Hill, perhaps the most delightful Residence on the Banks of the River. Terms on application. (Folio E 299)

TO BE SOLD.

25 Bedrooms, 2 Dressing Rooms, 4 Bathrooms, 6 Reception Rooms, Billiard Room, Theatre or Ball Room, Studio, Schoolroom, Winter Garden, Stabling for 10 Horses, 2 Cottages for Coachman and Gardener, Lodge Entrance, Grotto and Ornamental Water, and lovely old timbered Grounds of 8 Acres.

**HAMPTON COURT (Middlesex).**—A noble Family MANSION, situate abutting on and opening into Bushey Park, surrounded by finely-timbered and lovely old grounds, with ornamental Lake, etc. Fine Kitchen Garden, with ranges of Vineries, Peach-houses, Forcing-houses, Orchid-houses, etc., first-class Stabling for 10 Horses, and Lodge Entrance. Price, £30,000. (Folio E 287A)

TO BE SOLD. A BARGAIN.

9 Bedrooms, Dressing Room, Bathroom, 4 Reception Rooms, Billiard Room, Conservatory, Stabling for 3 Horses, Lawns, and Gardens.

**TWICKENHAM** (near).—A very valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY, close to the River Thames, and within a few minutes' walk of St. Margaret's Railway Station. Price, £6,000. The grounds are beautifully laid out and very secluded. No Land Tax. Tithe Free. (Folio E 2,920)

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED.

39 Bed and Dressing Rooms, Boudoir, Bathroom, Hall, Picture Gallery, fine suite of Reception Rooms, complete Offices, Stabling for 15 Horses, Moat, extensive and lovely Grounds. 1,000 Acres of Shooting.

**BUCKS.**—2½ miles from Windsor, 2 miles from Slough, 1 mile from the River and Golf Links. A fine old COUNTRY MANSION, seated in a splendidly-timbered Park, surrounded by a moat, and with beautiful pleasure grounds. Price, £150,000. Freehold. (Folio S U 282)

TO BE SOLD.

22 Bed and Dressing Rooms, Bathroom, 5 Reception Rooms, Billiard Room, Offices, Stabling for 15 Horses, and 15 Acres.

**KINGSTON HILL (Surrey).**—A valuable PROPERTY, situate in a lovely position, on rich gravel soil, about 1 mile from the Coombe and Malden Stations. Price, 10,000 guineas, held on three Leases for terms of about 60 years unexpired, at Ground Rents of £400 per annum. (Folio E 298)

TO GOLFERS AND OTHERS.

23 Bed and Dressing Rooms, Bathroom, 5 Reception Rooms, Hall, Billiard Room, Conservatory, excellent Domestic Offices, Stabling for 11 Horses, 23 Acres.

**SUNNINGDALE.**—About 1 mile from the Station and Golf Links, 260ft. above Ordnance datum, and commanding splendid views. Price Freehold, £19,000. (Folio S U 8)

TO BE SOLD.

10 Bed and Dressing Rooms, Bath, Billiard Room, 3 Reception Rooms, Glasshouses, old Grounds Kitchen and Fruit Gardens, Meadows, etc., in all nearly 14 Acres.

**TWICKENHAM PARK.**—A valuable Freehold RESIDENTIAL and BUILDING ESTATE of nearly 14 Acres. On the banks of the Thames, delightfully situate high above the River level. The whole of the Property is Freehold, and is Land Tax and Tithe Free. This Estate forms an important and valuable Freehold Building Property, is immediately ripe for development, and might easily be subdivided into Plots for the erection of First-class Residences which are greatly in demand in this very favourite district. The Estate is finely timbered, and possesses a character of rural rusticity. Freehold, 18,500 guineas. (Folio E 700)

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

7 Bedrooms, large Boxroom, Linen Room, Bath, 3 Reception Rooms, Stabling for 2 Horses, Range of Glasshouses, pretty Gardens, and Tennis Lawn.

**RICHMOND.**—An excellent detached RESIDENCE, close to the Green and the Railway Stations, etc. Freehold, 3,000 guineas, or, Rent £130 per annum on Lease. (Folio E 44)

FRENCH COAST (LE TOUQUET).

Only Five Hours from London.

**BEAUTIFUL** pine woods, sands, golf course, yachting, fishing, shooting. Splendid air.—Full particulars of FREEHOLD LAND for SALE, HOUSES and CHALETS to be LET or SOLD, apply to CHANCELLOR and SONS, the Agents to the Estate.

TO BE SOLD.

**ASCOT.—Tetworth** (the Residence for many years of the late Lord Harlech). Situate close to the Royal entrance to the Race Course. The Mansion contains: 18 bed and dressing rooms, hall, 3 reception rooms. Stabling for 6 horses; farmery, etc. Delightful grounds and park-land of 24 acres. To be SOLD by AUCTION on the 18th October, 1904, at THE MART, E.C., unless an acceptable offer be made in the meanwhile.—Full particulars on application.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET FURNISHED.

14 Bed and Dressing Rooms, 2 Bathrooms, 3 Reception Rooms, Billiard Room, Stabling for 7 Horses, Lodge, and 14 Acres.

**HERTFORDSHIRE (near Watford).**—A well-built modern RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, approached by drive, with Entrance Lodge. 4½ acres of additional Land can be purchased. Golf Links 2 miles distant. Price, £17,500, Freehold, or would be Let Furnished for Summer at £20 per week. (Folio L E 598)

*Full details, with terms and cards to view any of the above Properties, may be obtained of*

Telephones:
London: 2549 GERRARD
Richmond: 13 RICHMOND

# CHANCELLOR & SONS

At Either of their Offices as above

Telephones:
Ascot: 2 ASCOT
Sunningdale: 64 ASCOT

**ON THE BORDERS OF HEREFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE.**—To be SOLD, a Freehold Family RESIDENCE, situated in an exceedingly healthy district some 400ft. above sea level, known as Leintwardine House, Leintwardine, Herefordshire, containing: spacious hall, 30ft. by 10ft., drawing room, 21ft. by 17ft., overlooking the lawns and the valley of the Teme, dining room, 20ft. by 16ft., morning room, 21ft. by 17ft.; on the first floor, 8 bed and dressing rooms; on the second floor, 5 good bedrooms, bathrooms, etc. Stabling, 4 stalls and loose box, coach-house and harness room. Hunting with 4 packs of foxhounds, viz., the Ludlow, United, North Hereford, Radnorshire, and Otter hounds hunt the district. Trout fishing in Little Teme and Clun. Golf links at Bromfield, 6 miles distant.—Price, etc., apply L. H. I., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

3,500 guineas. Half a mile from golf.

HINDHEAD, AMIDST THE PINES AND MOORS.

AN old-fashioned creeper-clad gabled RESIDENCE, in a bracing position, with nearly 10 acres of delightful and naturally beautiful grounds. 10 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—About a mile from a station, church, post and telegraph office. To be LET or SOLD, owing to a death, a capital FARM, extending to about 135 acres. The Homestead stands high, facing South, and contains: 4 bedrooms (3 more would be added by arrangement), parlour, kitchen, etc. There are also two splendid sites on the property. The land is in first-rate condition, is principally pasture, with fine avenue of elms, orchards, etc. Useful outbuildings.—Inspected and recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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*Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.*

**The charge for each insertion is 1s. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.**

**All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.**

**If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.**

**DECAUVILLE,** 10-12 h.-p., two cylinders, tonneau body, painted green, equal sized wheels. See bands on back wheels, Michelin tyres, gears and tyres as new, car in fine condition, new 1903; owner buying larger car same make; can be seen by appointment; price £250, including three lamps, horn, and usual tools.—Owner, 70, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

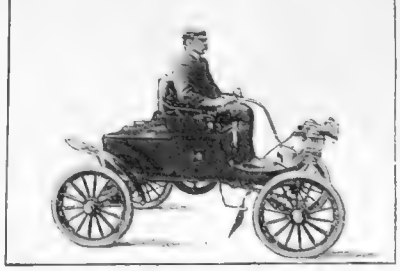
**GEORGES-RICHARDS** Car, 10 h.-p., two cylinders, three speeds and reverse, good hill-climber, aluminium tonneau body, with glass front and canopy top, in perfect working order, recently overhauled, with new gears; trial by appointment.—B., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

**22** h.-p. Daimler for sale, exceedingly handsome, touring car, equal to new, everything right up to date, including 1904 carburetter; price to an immediate cash purchaser, £600; the car can be inspected at any time, and a trial run arranged.—For particulars apply to Scott, c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

**RENAULT** Motor-car, 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.

**HUMBERETTE,** Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120.—Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

**12** h.p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.



**OLDSMOBILE,** 5 h.-p., artillery wheels, extra back seat, tool-box, pump, tools, all latest improvements, new tyres, perfect condition; £110; trial with pleasure.—E. A. Stretton, Georgiana House, Cheltenham.

**DAIMLER,** 23 b.h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

**12** h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc.; £225 cash.—The Limes, Frindsbury, Rochester.

**12-16** h.-p. two-cylinder Darracq, very fast and powerful, in splendid condition, upholstered leather, roomy tonneau, painted dark blue; any trial; price £180.—Armitage, 91, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.

**10** h.-p. Wolseley Tonneau, solids, photo, £250; 24 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, pneumatics, £450; 14 h. p. Clement-Talbot, detachable tonneau, bucket seats, hood, and screen, £400; all three in excellent order; trials of above at short notice here.—Owner, Batlescomb, Beach Road, Weston-super-Mare.

**FOR SALE,** 10 h.-p. double-cylinder Albion car, solid tyres, magneto ignition, side doors to front seats, canopy with curtains and 2 glass screens; can be started from seat; bought July, 1903, but very little used owing to owner's absence abroad; in very good condition; owner buying a four-cylinder car only reason for selling; trial given. Price, with all necessary spares, £300.—Wilmot-Sitwell, Cattistock, Dorset.

**PANHARD,** 10 h.-p., new 1903, Brougham Top and glass front, lined box cloth, body cost about £150; owing to owner's ill-health this car has only been run about 50 miles. Can be seen anywhere near London.—G.W., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

**GENUINE** Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap. View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

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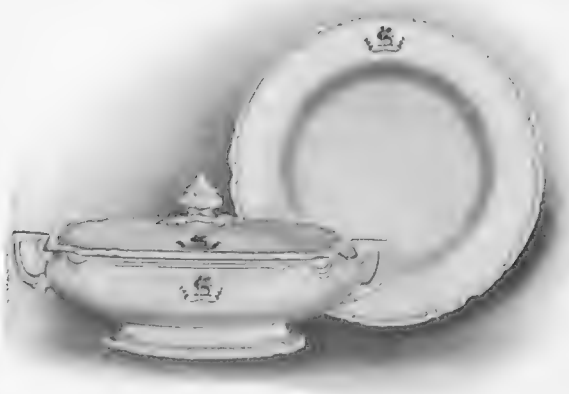

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**An Eighteenth Century Colonial Writing Bureau**
A very solid piece of furniture, showing characteristic ornament. A similar piece to this was always to be found in the old American Colonial mansions

Mr. Lockwood (who is himself a private collector of many years' experience), in the order in which they were imported by the colonists. But in studying these with other specimens we have formed the conclusion that no small quantity of work was produced locally towards the end of the Colonial days, mainly on the lines of imported pieces, but with additions and slight alterations which adapted the native furniture more justly to its environment. In the earlier days, all the finer specimens were, of course, brought from abroad, and even up to the end people of quality still imported. In Thackeray's admirable picture of Colonial America, "The Virginians," there are frequent and informatory allusions to the furniture of the period. When Madame Esmond wishes to mend Mr. Ward's head after her son's attack upon him, she bids her good companion, Mountain, go fetch her some court plaster, "out of the middle drawer in the Japan cabinet," doubtless a piece of early eighteenth century work which was sent out of England like those "half-a-dozen of carved mahogany doors" which the Colonel had brought from Europe about the same time. In America, far more than in England, these early household goods have been stored with care, as Mr. Lockwood's book shows very clearly. Now that the fashion for eighteenth century styles has again come round, these pieces of excellent cabinet work are being reproduced with no small skill and care, both here and in America. In London, at least, Messrs. Heal have given much time and thought to the making of examples that have about them the qualities of simplicity and comfort which, along with the beauty that lies in good proportions, were the main claims to our admiration of "Colonial" work. To those who care to study the subject of the domestic furniture that our ancestors used in America in the early days, and to those who would become acquainted with its latest and most satisfactory reproduction, we cannot do better than recommend Mr. Lockwood's book and Messrs. Heal's galleries. E. M.

**An Eighteenth Century Chest of Drawers**
The charm of early Colonial furniture lies in its simplicity and comfort, combined with the beauty which goes with good proportions

# FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Walrus remarked long ago, and we entirely endorse his sentiments, "that the time has come to talk of many things"—"of shoes and ships and sealing-wax (and if need be) of cabbages and kings." Viewing the modistic outlook in amiable conclave, Ambrosine and I have arrived at one entirely conclusive conviction—that the women really well turned out from top to toe, those of whom one never asks what they have on, so completely pleasing is the *tout ensemble*, base their whole success on a perfect appreciation of the three C's—corset, complexion, and coiffure.

Of the corset we have already spoken at some considerable length, and could, with all zest, start another tirade this very moment, for there is positively no end to the resourceful possibilities of the latter-day *corsetière*. Under every condition does this most ingenious soul guarantee to give form to the shapeless, whether it be the assumption of curves, or the manœuvring of a too generous adipose deposit. And there are no greater enthusiasts in the land than those who have touched the supreme in this matter.

There is one member of the fraternity in particular for whom we have the deepest respect. She is quite exclusively talented, and with her own hands literally models, with all the acumen of a sculptor, each individual figure. With unerring skill we have watched her literally slash a pair of corsets into what appears to our ignorant eyes as rags and tatters. And more than that, have we subsequently worn the identical pair, into which gussets have been deftly inserted, while others have been equally deftly deleted, while hips have been lengthened and the bust lowered.

That this method, for arriving at individual perfection is unique, goes without saying, and only possible to one who has reduced theory to practice, and who has, moreover, the laws of anatomy at her finger-ends.

**A Smart Restaurant Dress of Crêpe de Chine and Lace**

With it, is worn a pale turquoise belt and a hat of turquoise straw with ruche of black

### Ignorant Fanatics

Nothing rouses me to more fiery controversy than to hear those, totally ignorant of the *corsetières* art, inveigh against the reason of corsets, denouncing one and all as the creations of the evil one. Much evil, without doubt, has been and is still being wrought by cheap ready-made models, although some of these, if bought with discretionary understanding, are quite wearable.

What the world of average women has yet to learn is, that a waist measurement is not by any means all sufficing. Thus there is breadth round the ribs, the question of a high or a low figure, whether the hips require emphasising or suppressing, and various

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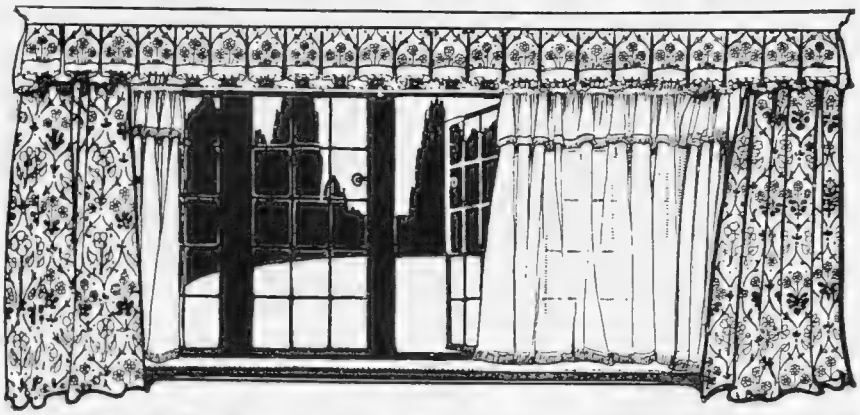

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Descriptive Booklet with small patterns sent free

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other slight but important details to be taken into due consideration. And the majority of ready-made corsets, I am bound to say, are quite extraordinarily comprehensive nowadays, though what is lacking, in a great many instances, is a clear and interested understanding on the part of the purveyors.

The latter's *rôle* in life is to sell; good, bad and indifferent, it is of small moment to them so long as they show fair receipts at the end of the day. And this very surely is where the shoe has been pinching for years. However, we are happily running yearly on safer lines, and such is my optimism, I am even looking forward to a moment when the figures of the lower class will be preserved to some extent. My very soul goes out in sympathy to those of my sex—no matter their station in life—whose form is literally lost to anything approaching shape, much less grace.

### "Rita" Harangues

And while I am on the warpath, I am constrained, despite Ambrosine's pacific warning to beware of wrangling, especially in print, to fall foul of "Rita" and her steel-nibbed criticisms in a weekly contemporary on the face specialist, whom it has pleased the lady to designate "beauty doctors."

From one of the fraternity whose word is her bond, who has strangely enough *taken Rita seriously*, we have had a letter of honest protest, that such stuff should find printing space. Frankly, however, it seems to me that very same obvious lack of any real knowledge on the subject takes at once the whole sting out of the attack. The latter is all words, words, words, with no bottom to it, possibly based—for the accuser shall have every due allowance—on a single contact with some charlatan; since no one is better calculated to indite tons of denunciation on a pin's-head of fact than the ever warring Rita.

Now, I should just like to say here, that the course of my chronicling work has brought me into close personal contact with practically all the best-known skin specialists in London, and although I may hold certain individual preference for some methods over others—that is entirely my own concern—and, without exception have I found honest belief and a remarkably keen understanding of scientific and hygienic conditions. It is so old a story, this one of preserving the skin, and we are veritably infants in knowledge, compared to those grand ancient Greeks, whose beauty of form and face remains an influence to this day. Again, if skin preservation were necessary in those far away days of primitive life, when the whole conditions were more inevitably akin to nature, how much more requisite is it now, when the best environment is more or less artificial.

But let anyone who desires conviction on the matter get a little book that lies beside me as I write, entitled, "The Face: It's Care and Treatment," by Helen Best. This is a quite impersonal dissertation on the general rules of hygiene, commencing at the cradle, and I have been particularly interested to find a small unspoken crank of my own, relating to the treatment of the skin between the ages of five and fourteen years especially dwelt upon. It would be well if every nursery counted Helen Best's book among its repertoire.

### The Third C—Coiffures

Here Ambrosine feels she can speak with all fervour, for she is of the few whose fingers lend themselves instinctively to the manœuvring of tresses, and is furthermore blessed by a physiognomy that is adaptable to most prevailing styles. Not so all of us, however, and I hold it the deepest error to force a coiffure mode myself. By doing so it is possible to alter the whole individuality, and always for the worse. That a high-dressed coiffure, according to latter-day tenets, carries a *chic* distinctly lacking in one dressed low, there is no question at all. But I am of that Jesuitical tendency which is never above resorting to subterfuges, and despite the limit imposed by the conventional coiffure, these subterfuges may be safely considered.

For instance, it is quite within the bounds of possibility to get all the front lines of a coiffure, usually concluding in a small knot at the top of the head, and finish with a low-dressed coil. The most perfectly turned out heads of the moment, however, viewed from a strictly smart standpoint, are those which a great artiste described to us as being modelled. Of dressing, in the accepted sense of that term, there is none. Everything is subordinate to outline, this outline being varied in breadth and *empressment*, according to the personality of the owner of the head.

Given the valuable innate sense of the flow of fashionable edicts, which somehow invariably contrives to fall into pleasing outward conformity, the hair will be brushed upward from the nape of the neck, with no sort of *bouffant*, other than carefully judged *ondulés*. Anything savouring of the least exaggeration is the worse possible style, while a characteristic of every personable head of the hour, is a brightness and gloss so carefully and ingeniously arrived at that brilliantine and the like adventitious aids are the last influences looked for. And yet such are responsible and none other.

### A Colour Note

For the early autumn, at least, this is puce; a real old-world puce, that carries us back over half a century. Nor does it take any vivid perceptions to perceive the delicious gradation of tone possible with this colour. And in connection with its expression, Ambrosine and I are alike dreaming dreams of some quaint Redingote, a picture revelation in every line of its flowing silken surface.

For cloth also, in one of the to be *Directoire* coats, this puce should prove ideally correct, the large soft revers and high turn-over collar, together with turn-back cuffs in silk, toning closely to a pink tint, but one chastely subdued and wholly fascinating; this attire crowned by a picturesque straight-brim beaver felt, decked with ostrich feathers arranged in bizarre *dègagé* style.

But we are moving, as is our way, too quickly ahead, and leaving in our wake a representative restaurant toilette of black *ninon de soie*, trimmed with *Malines* lace of rather deep cream tint, and completed by a belt of *ombré rose souple* ribbon. The hat is of delicate rose straw, ruched with shaded rose tulle.

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**CANESH FOREHEAD STRAP** (Patent). Sure cure for lines on forehead. £1/5/6

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ESTABLISHED 1808.

# Bridge. By "Problematicus"

## PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTION OF OUR SECOND HOLIDAY COMPETITION

The First Prize of a Bystander Morocco Bridge Box, containing playing-cards, markers, rules, etc., has been awarded to:

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### SOLUTION OF THE PLAY OF THE HAND

The Declaration

A has a doubtful no-trumper, but a fair heart call; therefore he declares hearts.

The Play

| Tricks | Y | B | Z | A |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | ♦ 10 | ♦ 2 | ♦ Q | ♦ 9 |
| 2 | ♠ Q | ♠ 2 | ♠ 5 | ♠ J |
| 3 | ♦ 7 | ♦ 3 | ♦ A | ♦ J |
| 4 | ♠ A | ♠ 4 | ♠ 3 | ♠ K |
| 5 | ♠ 8 | ♠ 6 | ♡ 5 | ♠ 9 |
| 6 | ♣ Q | ♣ 3 | ♣ 2 | ♣ 9 |
| 7 | ♣ A | ♣ 5 | ♣ 6 | ♣ J |
| 8 | ♠ 7 | ♠ 10 | ♡ A | ♣ K |
| 9 | ♡ 9 | ♦ 5 | ♦ 8 | ♡ 8 |
| 10 | ♣ 4 | ♣ 7 | ♣ 8 | ♡ 2 |
| 11 | ♡ 4 | ♡ J | ♦ 4 | ♡ 3 |
| 12 | | | | ♡ K |
| 13 | | | | ♡ Q |

Result

A B win 4 tricks. Y Z win 9 tricks.

Trick 1.—With four trumps and two ace, queen suits, Y can afford to play a waiting game. He leads, therefore, the highest of his short suit, the ten of diamonds.

Trick 2.—Y leads spades from Z for the cross ruff. A throws his knave of spades to unblock, in case he should succeed in clearing trumps.

Trick 9.—If A wins this with his queen, Y must still make a trump.

# The Menu

## On Mushrooms

Now that mushrooms are in season (and the weather we have been having lately ought to make them very plentiful), I think a few recipes on the different ways of preparing them may be useful to my readers; they especially make a very appetising and dainty breakfast dish, and can be served in many different ways.

### KIDNEYS AND MUSHROOMS

Cut some beef kidney into dice and trim a dozen mushrooms. Melt a good-sized piece of butter in a stewpan and throw in the mushrooms. Let them simmer for ten minutes, then add the kidney, a piece of glaze, and ½ a gill of stock, simmer again (but do not boil) for eight minutes, add a teaspoonful of flour and ½ a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Serve hot and garnish with fried croûtons. When preparing this dish remember to stew the mushrooms in butter longer than the kidney.

### BAKED MUSHROOMS

Peel the mushrooms, rinse them to remove any grit, and cut off the ends of the stalks. Put them on a greased baking tin, with the stalks upwards, and put some little bits of butter on each mushroom with a little pepper and salt. Cover them with buttered paper, and bake them in a moderate oven from ten to twenty minutes until tender. Serve on a hot dish with the gravy poured over them. Tomatoes can be cooked at the same time, and served with the mushrooms.

### MUSHROOM SCALLOPS

Take some mushrooms, peel them, and soak them in lemon juice. Have ready a white sauce into which half a lemon has been strained, and add a mustard-spoonful of mushroom ketchup. Take the soaked mushrooms and stew them slowly in this sauce, and, when tender, pour them into scallop shells, cover with bread crumbs, place pieces of butter on the top, and brown them in the oven.

### MUSHROOMS AU GRATIN

Chop up half-a-dozen mushrooms and mix them in a stewpan with an ounce of lean ham, grated, and the same quantity of the fat of bacon, scraped. Add pepper and salt to taste, and a saltspoonful of mixed thyme; let all these fry together for a few minutes, then add the yolks of two eggs, stirring them all together till cooked. Prepare some large flat mushrooms by peeling and trimming the edges and cutting off the stalks. Fill each with some of the above preparation, and cover with raspings of bread; spread butter thickly over and place the mushrooms in the sauté pan and sauté them. Next put them in the oven for a quarter of an hour, till brown. Dress these, when done, in a pyramid, and serve a good brown sauce round them in which has been boiled a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms, a tablespoonful of chopped shallots, and a bay leaf; then strain into the dish. A glass of chablis mixed in the sauce is an improvement.

### PURÉE OF MUSHROOMS

(To serve with boiled chicken, cutlets, etc.)

Chop up a pound of fresh mushrooms, simmer them in a little milk or broth for ten minutes, then add the crumb of a French roll; stir over the fire until all liquid is absorbed, put in an ounce of fresh butter, pepper, and salt, and rub through a wire strainer. Put the purée back into the stewpan, and let it get hot before serving. Should the purée seem too stiff, add a little cream or milk whilst rubbing it through the strainer. Emilia.

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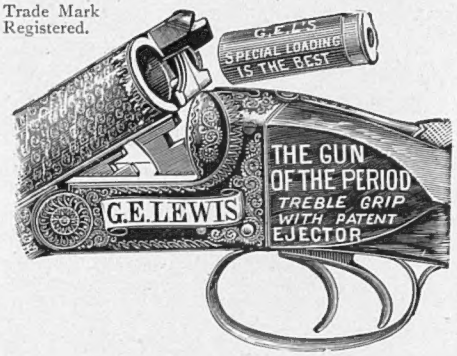


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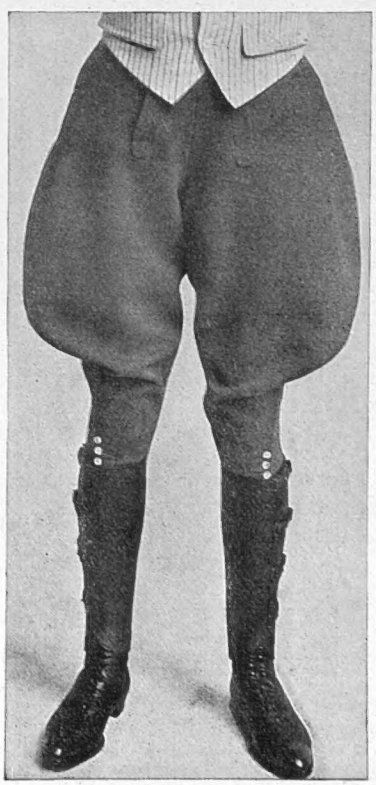

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"The Black Shilling." By Amelia E. Barr. (Fisher Unwin.) 6*s.*

"British Political Leaders." By Justin McCarthy. (Fisher Unwin.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

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"The Custodian." A Novel by Archibald Eyre. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

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